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From Hogg's Instructor.

A VISION.

BY CRADOCK NEWTON.

OFTEN, when stars are watching human slumbers,  
And earth on heaven's bosom lies asleep,  
And thy sweet soul, soothed by celestial numbers,  
Doth sate herself with happy dreams and deep —  
I have a vision given to me,  
A vision all of thee;

For as to the wild Chaldee is the star  
Above him — beautiful, adored, divine —  
Such art thou unto me, and e'en so far  
Is thy soul's orbit nearer God than mine.

Thus in my vision come I, weak and faint,  
With weary, bleeding feet,  
Unto the sapphire gate of bliss, where saint  
And angel meet;  
And through the gate half open I descry  
How, far and wide, the happy valleys lie,  
How sweetly the scent-laden breezes swell,  
And all the sward is bright with asphodel;  
Then passing slowly by, in robes of bliss,  
Pure as the whiteness of thy pure soul is,  
With look nor sad nor glad, but calm, serene,  
And lit with sweet and holy inward thought,  
And amaranth-crowned brow, and eyes with  
naught

Of earth in their clear lustre to be seen —

CCCCCLXXXIX. LIVING AGE. VOL. III. 1

I gaze upon thee ! but thou dost not wait  
To look upon the beggar at thy gate.  
Could I, so spent and footsore, with this heart  
So earth-stained, only toil to where thou art !  
Ah, could I reach thee — but one word to speak,  
Then shower wild kisses on thy brow and cheek !  
Vainly, alas ! to enter in I think,  
I have no strength to succor my endeavor,  
But at the threshold sink,  
And the heaven-gate is closed on me — forever.

From the Journal of Commerce.

GUNEOPATHY.

I saw a lady yesterday,  
A regular "M. D.,"  
Who 'd taken from the Faculty  
Her medical degree;  
And I thought if ever I was sick  
My doctor she should be !

I pity the deluded man  
Who foolishly consults  
Another man, in hopes to find  
Such magical results  
As when a pretty woman lays  
Her hand upon his pulse !

## 2 TRUISMS.—THE CHILD'S GARDEN.—THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

I had a strange disorder once,  
A kind of chronic chill,  
That all the doctors in the town,  
With all their vaunted skill,  
Could never cure, I'm very sure,  
With powder nor with pill ;

I don't know what they called it.  
In their pompous terms of art,  
Nor if they thought it mortal  
In such a vital part —  
I only know 't was reckoned  
" Something icy round the heart ! "

A lady came — her presence brought  
The blood into my ears !  
She took my hand — and something like  
A fever now appears !  
Great Galen ! — I was all aglow,  
Though I'd been cold for years !

Perhaps it is n't every case  
That 's fairly in her reach,  
But should I e'er be ill again,  
I fervently beseech  
That I may have, for life or death,  
A lady for my " leech ! "

*United States Hotel, Saturday evening.*

From Hogg's Instructor.

### TRUISMS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

'Tis true that clouds  
But momentarily bar out the sunshine ; true  
That stars — invisible by day — in crowds  
Spangle the skies, but come into the view  
In darkness only ; true that flowers will die,  
And be renewed, as fair, beneath a vernal sky.

'Tis true that grief  
Is not eternal ; that our bitterest tears,  
As well as that which makes them, find relief  
In fewer moments than we give them years  
To wear away our hearts in ; true it is  
That almost every sorrow hath its sister-bliss !

'Tis true that graves  
(Within whose close-shut lips dear treasures  
lie  
Which the death-kiss pollutes) give forth green  
waves  
Of grass — all flush with flowers — which no  
keen eye  
Could guess for growth proceeding from decay.  
Where nothing sweet there is that hath not soured  
away !

When Spring is dead  
Upon rich Summer's bosom, which, in turn,  
Lays the last clusters of its lovely head  
Upon pale Autumn's breast, till, in his urn  
Of withered leaves, old Winter buries all —  
We know that time shall back each dear-loved  
presence call.

We know that all we lose  
May be restored ; we know that flowers which  
fade

May flourish, and that even love's sweet rose  
(Sore-girt with thorns) may make, as it has  
made,  
Our happiness again. We know all this ;  
Yet doubts o'erwhelm all knowledge — fear sub-  
dues all bliss.

Our hopes are mists  
That mount up from the very earth around us,  
Till lost in heaven above, where heaven resists  
All earthly exhalations. Pain may wound us,  
And trials mark us with full many a scar ;  
But time brings certainty — than hope a brighter  
star.

Yet sweet are hopes,  
And fair their presence is, with sorrow by us ;  
But though their rosy hands the portals ope  
Of joy ideal, care can still defy us ;  
For we shall find, if we regard it near,  
The shadow of each hope to be a nameless fear.

### THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

BENEATH the budding lilacs  
A little maiden sighed —  
The first flower in her garden  
That very morn had died.

A primrose tuft, transplanted,  
And watered every day,  
One yellow bud had opened,  
And then it pined away.

I thought, as that child's sorrow  
Rose wailing on the air,  
My heart gave forth an echo,  
Long bound in silence there.

For though time brings us roses,  
And golden fruits beside,  
We've all some desert garden  
Where life's first primrose died.

From the N. Y. Churchman.

### THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

GREAT Father ! make me good to-day —  
Bless me and keep me good away !  
I am naughty now, I know —  
Many wicked things I do —  
But my mother says that Jesus  
Can from all our sins release us !

Bless my father dear, and mother,  
Bless my darling baby-brother ;  
Keep them through the sunny day —  
And, when evening shadows play,  
May there come no gloomy sorrow  
Ere we greet the rosy morrow !

Bless the poor man's toil and labor ! —  
Bless our wealthy next-door neighbor !  
Make us all as good and mild  
As the sinless Saviour Child —  
Thy beloved redeeming Son —  
Jesus Christ — the Holy one !

From the Westminster Review.

PEDIGREE AND HERALDRY.

1. *The Peerage and Baronetage of Great Britain and Ireland.* By JOHN BERNARD BURKE. Colburn. London.
2. *Dictionary of the Landed Gentry.* By JOHN BERNARD BURKE. Colburn. London.
3. *Family Romance.* By JOHN BERNARD BURKE. Hurst and Blackett. London.
4. *Birth and Worth; or, The Practical Uses of a Pedigree.* [Printed for private circulation. 1852.]
5. *Observations on Heraldry.* By the Rev. T. HAMERTON. Churton. London. 1851.
6. *The Pursuivant of Arms; or, Heraldry founded upon Facts.* By J. R. PLANCHE, F. S. A. Churton. London. 1851.

Two preliminary remarks must commence our essay on this comprehensive and fertile subject, and must meet two difficulties, the fear of which retards our footsteps in entering upon its threshold. In the first place, then, we disclaim any intention of trenching on the province of the disciples of Dugdale — of exposing mistakes in the marriages in the *Baronage* — or affecting to settle the “Scrope and Grosvenor” controversy. In the second place, we desire to acquaint those who profess “liberal” and “enlarged” views, that we are not conscious of any particular mental contraction as the result of our studies in this department, or of any indifference to any kind of “progress” whatever, in consequence of the same. Our object here, in fact, is with the literature of aristocracy and heraldry as a subject of genial, and human, and historic interest. We propose to look at the “dim emblazonings” and the purple glories of the ancient and armorial shields of Europe with impartiality, though not with indifference, and in such a way as shall neither displease Garter King-of-Arms nor Mr. Cobden. A little of the common daylight — nay, even of the gas-light — of the nineteenth century let in upon venerable walls and solemn escutcheons can do them no harm; and, on the other hand, the mere pulling down of them, and scraping off their *arugo*, in the hope of being able to prove them brick-made, or pot-lids, is a task which can be performed by any scullery menial, and, though highly useful, is not the most honorable in the world, nor the one for which we feel any particular inclination at this moment. We prefer constructive to destructive criticism — the criticism that does not so much love to dissect the subject in its decayed state, in order to show its unsound parts, as to endeavor to know what the subject was in its beginning, and how and for what purpose it attained its organization. Such is our general view. We may add, that we have always thought it extraordinary,

in a country so aristocratic in feeling as England really is, that so little should be known by people generally about these matters. One has only to go down Rotten-row, and linger by the Serpentine, on any of the pleasant evenings which are now passing over us, to see Heraldry, for example, in both copiousness and detail; yet to the many of the worthy cultivated classes, generally, what is Heraldry as a matter of knowledge or speculation? Little more, we fear, than what our old friend, the elder Mr. Weller, would describe as a something “well known to be a collection of fabulous animals!” And Pedigree? Here the general information is still thinner and vaguer. The Briton believes in his Peerage; the prosperous Briton hopes that his grandson may be a peer, or his granddaughter a peer’s wife. He vaguely associates coronets with Norman knights, and other fine objects seen through the haze of the popular knowledge of history; but of the actual constituency of the body of the Peerage he knows scarcely anything. A peer passes for a peer, as a pound does for a pound, in this country; but in what proportion of gold and alloy the coin rejoices, the multitude — *qui stupet in titulis et imaginibus*, as Horace saw it do of old — is more ignorant than it is of public matters generally.

With regard to the union of the subjects which combine to form our title, it is a very natural one — the union of Fact and Symbol. Heraldry is the symbol of gentility, historically speaking. We are well aware what disputes there are about its origin, and what changes have attended its history; but the general fact about it — the historic fact which constitutes its importance — is, that it is the symbol of aristocracy. England has a shield; a family has a shield. In each case the shield is the symbol of the bearer. The figures, quaint and rude though they be, visible on the pennons found stained and bloody on the field of Flodden when the fight was done — the crosses and the wild cats, the crescents and the roses — these were the dearest symbols in life to the gentlemen who bore them. Two characters attached to them; they distinguished the family as well as the individual, and thus united the sentiment of home with the sentiment of honor: but, further than that, they distinguished the noble from the many, and marked out their possessor as one of the leading class of his age. To bear arms in the old days amounted to much. The times might be better or worse than other times, but, at all events, their work had to be done by somebody, and it gradually came about that coat-armor, as it was called, distinguished those who distinguished themselves. Its prime characteristic, then, is this, that it was the symbolic outcome of the age, a kind of ornamental bloe-

soming-out of the life of those violent old days, even as a flower sprang out, according to the fable, from Ajax's blood. In this respect, if in this only, Heraldry would always have an interest among the things that have attained a strong vitality—that it drew, in its way, upon Nature, as an object of human sentiment; men who depicted on their instruments of war, and made sacred the various animals of the field, the flowers, the stars, the moon, the shells on the Syrian coast where they had warred—so many objects, with such artistic variety—were making poetry the companion of war. In a certain way, then, poetry was represented by heraldry or armory. So much may be said of the philosophy of it as a preliminary; and it must be borne in mind that in a practical way it constituted a stringent system of distinction. Nothing is more clear than that bearing arms was from the first considered a distinction of aristocracy, and the peculiar privilege of the well-born. Hence, in grants conferring nobility—deeds, the object of which was to elevate a man into the higher class—the privilege was accompanied with a grant of the “Arms” accompanying it, “*in signum nobilitatis*,”\* which arms were depicted, and referred to in the deed, accordingly. And Sir Edward Coke, in an often-quoted passage, lays down this rule on the subject generally, “*Nobiles sunt qui arma gentilitia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt*.” The essential characteristic, then, of Heraldry, is its symbolic nature; we must always bear that in mind; and, now, looking at the system, as having long since hardened itself into the fossil state, we know not how we could better illustrate it than by likening it, with all its ornament, quaintness, and yet meaning, to a system of shells—mere ornaments, it is true, yet still pregnant with interest, when we consider them as the offspring of the far-distant, vital, loud-sounding, feudal sea.

But before speaking further of heraldry as a science, and as influenced by gradual national change, we will direct our attention to the kindred subject of pedigree, or birth, or aristocracy, whereof heraldry was in its creation, and is ideally speaking still the collateral relative,—the ornament, but also something more than the ornament—as the flush in the cheek of the maiden is at once the cause of beauty, and the sign of health. How stands at present the world's account with that question? This is a curious inquiry, but it is also an important one; and, indeed, in a country like England, it is actually a practical one. At this hour, while

Europe is tumbling into ruins (as a system of institutions, that is)—mass falling after mass of its old fabrics, with a noise that startles everybody (a head or two getting broken in the confusion, also)—England makes, on all proper occasions, a profession of its belief in aristocracy. England has possessed, in all ages, Saxon as well as Norman, a division of classes, a race set apart from the others, to govern; and this governing class, or rather this class whose theoretical business it is to govern, goes by a name taken from the old Greek one, and is written down, when described, as comprising the best. Such, at all events, is the nominal state of affairs. But it is characteristic of the times, that at every step you take in attempting to put the question to practical tests, in attempting even to get at the actual opinion in the world on the matter, you meet the most contradictory assertions, and certainly nothing like a general faith. “Blood, sir—we must have blood!” says “the young gentleman with the weak legs,” in “David Copperfield.” As Mr. Dickens has given the belief in “Blood” such an imbecile representative, we can guess at the turn of his opinions on the matter. We have the contrary view in Lord John Manners' celebrated couplet:

Let arts and manners, laws and commerce die,  
But leave us still our old nobility!

But, far and wide, the discord on the point spreads. We doubt, for instance, whether anywhere, except in some inland county of old-fashioned habits, the proposer of an honorable candidate would not be in danger of ridicule, if he began by emphatically describing him as a “man of ancient family.” It is the fashion among journals which profess liberalism to assert boldly, that your great men all come from the middle class, and so on:—while, on the other hand, the success of the laborious, instructive, and interesting books of Mr. Burke, clearly shows that in other quarters of the world very different opinions are entertained. Many who believe in “Blood” cherish the faith secretly in an utilitarian age—persecuted fire-worshippers, who follow their belief in private. Some who have the personal pretension, proclaim it to be of no consequence; some who have not the pretension, pay humble homage to it in others. The question is in the most contradictory condition altogether. Chesterfield placed at the head of his pedigree these two names—“ADAM de Stanhope—EVE de Stanhope.” The ridicule was very felicitous; but what think you he would have said, if you had proposed to deny the long line of intermediate Stanhopes, and to class him with the ordinary clay of the earth?

Experience proves that ideas which have once been the animating ones of a nation—

\* Harl. MS., 1507, quoted by Sir James Lawrence, “On the Nobility of the British Gentry.” Fraser.



that all, strictly, of a nation's historic ideas — do, in one form or another, survive even to the very dregs of its decay. In Rome, for instance, this idea of birth outlived the admission of plebeians to the great offices, outlived the liberties of the state and the emperors of men of no family; and even transmitted itself to the new system of Europe, and inspired the patricians of Italy with the pride of being thought to descend from the consular families of the great nation. We never read Tacitus without being struck with the vitality of the idea in his time. No man of note appears on the splendid theatre of his history but we are informed, he was of the great Cornelian house, or he was not of that old Sempronian family; a *sufrina aberna alumnus* has a drop of satire let fall on him as the historian passes by, and you seem to see the writer's face glow, when, recording the degradation of some nobles of his time, he adds — "I do not give their names — I think it due to their ancestors." So, too, in our own days, the same sentiment has outlived gradual and extraordinary changes in every form of European life. And a long-descended, brilliant Chateaubriand, an agent in the changes of his time, pauses when he tells you of his father's family and his youthful liberalism; and admits that in his bosom there lurks a spark of the feeling which was so potent in others of his race.

We sometimes think that if the vulgar old phrase "Pride of Birth," had been driven out to make room for one expressing juster ideas, and we had heard, instead, of the "Sentiment of Birth," less offence would have been given by it to the many worthy people whom the pretension has offended. Anything in the way of beauty should be welcome in matters of opinion. To trace lineage — to love and record the names and actions of those without whom we could never have been, who moulded us and made us what we are, and whom the very greatest genius of us all must know to have propagated influences into his being, which must, subtly but certainly, act upon his whole conduct in the world — all this is implied in ancestry and the love of it, and is natural and good. Now, if these ancestors were the great men of the day, the leaders of armies, the heads of churches, or of less rank perhaps, yet part of the governing system — men of fair repute and positions of honor, sharing in what culture their age had to give them, and enjoying respect from the world round about! Here, the natural sentiment has something to stimulate it more; the man of such ancestry sees in each past time of his country's history a little spot of hearth-fire burning through the gloom, lighting up the dark space for him, and with a face that he knows visible by it. The great liberal, Franklin, comes over from

America, on one of the most important missions of his age; he goes down to the country from which his progenitors derived their lineage, and gives to the tracing of the line of the yeomen from whom he sprang, time that might have added to science and to politics. "Happy," says Jean Paul, in his autobiography, "happy is the man who can trace his lineage, ancestor by ancestor, and cover hoary time with a green mantle of youth!" A third child of the same century, and that the century of revolutions, gives testimony to the depth of the same feeling; and we find the great Jeremy Bentham showing the same love, and absolutely meditating the purchase of certain territories, the property of the Counts of Bentheim, from whom he *may* have descended.\* So much for the mere strength and universality of the sentiment — and that not in "barbarous" times, nor among prejudiced men. It follows only naturally enough that the sentiment is deeper in proportion when the ancestors have been great and renowned; and that which we should think honorable and interesting to ourselves, we esteem and regard in others. Our readers must often have smiled at the curious, modest, yet firmly self-asserting way in which Gibbon speaks of the respectable Gibbons of Kent, of whom he was a descendant. Here is his opinion, as a historian, on the general question we have been opening: —

The superior prerogative of birth, when it has obtained the sanction of time, and popular opinions, is the plainest and least invidious of all distinctions amongst mankind.

However, we are well aware that the difficulties of the subject just begin about this stage of the inquiry. That the sentiment of birth is profoundly fixed in the human mind, and that it is the tendency of nations to make the children of their great men a hereditary order, we need not assert, for history asserts it for us. Nobody can deny the general fact; but now comes the rush of hostile queries: — "Such an order as you speak of, did it necessarily include the great men — did not accident and fraud raise many to it, whose descendants (on the aristocratic theory) assumed absurdly the superiority of a born best class? Has not every class, even the very lowest, produced its great men, and how many more would it have produced with equal chances? Finally, how does time operate on institutions of this character, and does the superiority (if we admit such to have ever actually existed) maintain itself, in a country of mixed races and classes; — and can you depend *practically*, now-a-days, on any such distinctions?"

\* Life of Jean Paul (Eng. trans.); Franklin's Works, Sparks' ed.; Bowring's Bentham.

Poor James Boswell, of Auchinleck (whose love of his pedigree was equal to his love of Dr. Johnson), would have answered all this with a shrug of the shoulders, and "*un gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme*." And, in his day, that was so completely the way of answering any such argument, that such shrugs cost many shoulders the head, before the century was out! A traditional belief that the *noblesse* were, somehow or other, the natural born superiors of the *roturiers*, and Heaven only knows how far superior to the *canaille*, was the unquestioned creed of the upper classes in Paris; and there cannot be any doubt that the natural indignation at this haughty assumption, the honest human disgust at the idea, that *such* classes were the "born kings of men," was a leading impellant of the violence of the revolution. It is extremely curious to read the enumeration of the many sorts of *Noblesse*, to be found under the article on that word in the famous *Encyclopédie*. We have the *Noblesse de nom et d'armes*, which, we are told, is the *Noblesse ancienne et immémoriale*. "*Les gentilshommes*," says the writer, "*qui ont cette noblesse, s'appellent gentilshommes de nom et d'armes; ils sont considérés comme plus qualifiés que les autres*." He illustrates the natural feeling of a noblesse by a curious parallel, involving a stroke of brilliant and well-deserved satire. He states, with extreme gravity, that such feeling is very strong in — Japan! — "Un gentilhomme Japonnois ne s'allieroit pas, pour tout l'or du monde, à une femme roturière!" This *noblesse*, of course, carried to its possessors important and odious privileges, exemption from taxation, the great places in the church and the honorable orders, the officerships in the army, which alone belonged to them, and many others. These advantages made admission to the *noblesse* an object of immense importance. Accordingly, "*lettres d'annoblissement*" were granted by the French kings, for money *will* be recognized, let people say what they like; and for many years before the revolution, new nobles had taken their places among the "natural superiors" of long-suffering mankind. The old nobles were indignant; and the kings themselves felt, at intervals, that they must "draw the line;" and they did what was gratifying to their own dignity — decreed that no individual should be presented at Versailles, unless he could prove "four hundred years of gentility." With what feelings, at once ludicrous and melancholy, does one read in Chateaubriand's *Memoires*, that just on the eve of the revolution, he had to send his pedigree for examination to an official before being permitted to hunt with the king! . . . .

Well, the revolution came. It is customary with a certain class of writers to blame the

*new nobility*, and to throw on them the blame of provoking the excesses; but where were Madame de Stael's "two hundred historic families" (which she asserts to have then existed in France) — what had they been doing, what were they doing? And how had the elevated *parvenus* become dangerous, except by succeeding to privileges derived from the old nobility, which had become hateful and disgusting to the nostrils of mankind? No, no! — When the great earthquake tried the talents and spirits of Europe, the question of natural superiority came to a thorough test. Up from the despised plebeian classes came the revolution men and Napoleon's marshals. Give to every man his honor; give to the French nobility those whom they may justly claim; Mirabeau, Lafayette, Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, are their undoubted property, for example; but *la carrière ouverte aux talens* showed, at once and forever, that the world-famous principle of ancient blood could no longer be considered tenable. It might be doubted if the principle had always been false; but the same time which had given *prestige* to "the Families" had proved that, at all events, it was false *now*. What have we in this world to argue from but facts? If a negro invented a system of metaphysics, or a Malay wrote a Macbeth, the fact would be sufficient; the whole of these races would be in a new position in the scale of the races of mankind.

Now, we instanced France in first endeavoring to illustrate this idea of birth, because in that country the distinction between noble and "ignoble" (which word we use in its technical sense) was more strongly marked, in law and in custom, than among ourselves; and, also, because France has done Europe the favor of bringing the question to trial at her own proper cost. Of Germany it is only needful to say, *en passant*, that while (socially speaking) she is perhaps the most aristocratic country in Europe, she owes her great modern renown in the world of intellect to men who *did not* belong to her rigid and long-descended and strict-quartering nobility. It is to our own country, as like or unlike these countries, that we naturally direct our main attention: — how different her condition has been in all the respects with which it is the object of this article to deal, is very easily shown.

As Sir Robert Peel was wont to puzzle the financiers by asking, "What is a pound?" a favorite inquiry among our genealogists is, "What is a gentleman?" In this simple query — in the fact that there is such a difficulty — lies a whole world of political importance. Ask a cultivated foreigner what a *gentilhomme* is, and the reply will be decided and unmistakable; he is a man who is *noble de race*. Tell an Englishman, that so-and-so

is "of noble race," and he will understand you to mean that he springs from "a lord." Yet, what the foreigner means by the phrase *noble de race*, strictly applies to the English gentry, who, as descendants of the old feudal landlords and bearers of coat armor, are *gentilshommes* in the primitive application of the word, and so "noble," according to the general sense of the term in Europe; while the lord, in spite of his peerage and his coronet, may be of origin almost immediately plebeian. This is one of our native curiosities, and has given rise to many mistakes on the continent, with much natural indignation occasionally on the part of our squires, amusing enough to a philosopher. In particular, foreigners cannot be brought to understand our "Commoner," or to conceive how such an equivocal word came to be the designation of individuals, who in descent and possessions are the equals of all the titled people in Europe.\* While annoyance is sometimes caused to individuals from this confusion, Englishmen may well congratulate themselves on the fact that such is the result of our history, and that it is a peculiarity which belongs to the very essence of our constitution. We soon discover, in the course of these studies, that while the continental distinction has remained in *theory* here, and has had the support of the heralds and genealogists—in practice, and specially in law, England has divided its nobility, that is, those whom we call the peerage, and those who compose the gentry, into two classes. The peers have certain privileges, not as a *caste*, but as a body occasionally recruited by creations by the crown; while all others are equal in the eye of the law, and take their chance with the general subjects of the realm. Mr. Hallam has not failed to approve this, nor Mr. Macaulay. The former of these historians remarks, that the term "Gentleman" is not known to the law. There has been, however, within the last few years, a case in which a "surety" in a bankruptcy court was objected to by counsel, because, while described as a *gentleman*, he was in reality a clerk in a steam-packet company. The objection was held to be fatal. Now, of course, in the eye of a herald, or any one who judged these questions by the strictly aristocratic standard, his being a "clerk" would not necessarily make him cease to be "a gentleman;" whether he was so or not would be a question of blood. But the judge made not the objection on that ground; he went by the old legal custom of describing a gentleman as one who would be at the "port, charge, and maintenance" of one, or some general old notion, that any one who "lived

without labor" was one. This would be monstrous in the eyes of a herald and genealogist, but it was good sense according to the customs of England.

This word "gentleman," with its synonyms "*gentilhomme*" and "*gentiluomo*," has cost no little ink in its time. Its derivation from *gentilis* is obvious enough, and that it bore a distinct reference to race; and as early as we find it, it is a term of distinction, and indeed may be said to lie at the bottom of all distinctions between classes in modern history. Why, and how, the "barbarians," our ancestors, came to use the word as a word of honor has been much disputed. One view is, that as the barbarians were *gentiles*, or outer nations, to the Romans, the leaders of the conquering northerners assumed the appellation as one of honor, to distinguish themselves from the degenerate people they had enslaved. To this view inclined Selden, as may be seen in his great work, the "Titles of Honor;" but Gibbon considered "more pure and probable" the theory which would derive it from the civilians' use of the word, as synonymous with *ingenuus*. A "gentle" (its derivative) is used as the opposite to "simple." One writer suggests that a "simple" man was one of those who had only a single name, like John or Roger, while the proprietors (who were, no doubt, the first to do so) distinguished themselves by adopting surnames—derived for the most part from the names of their possessions. According to the view of Mr. Hampson, the author of "*Origines Patriciæ*," nobody is a gentleman, in the strict sense, but one who traces himself to the first barbarian conquerors. But, at all events, there does not seem ever to have been a time when *gentilhomme* could not have been fairly rendered "man of family," which amounts to man of some power or position; for a family could never have become recognizable as an entity among the horde, unless it had had something to fix itself on, and maintain itself by. Land, in those days, was to a family what earth is to a plant—the necessary support, and literal *locus standi*. And it is characteristic of the title "gentleman" and shows its connection with race, that it was a self-dependent title; one which grew by time, and was not made by charters; an inherent title of untraceable origin, which seems to have been as well known in description of certain people, as the name Northman or Frank. The uncertainty about its adoption is a proof of its antiquity. In fact, the origin of the rulers of the northern nations went back into

\* See Sir James Lawrence's well-written and very amusing treatise "On the Nobility of the British Gentry."

\* "Any man that held land by knight-service, vested in him by descent or heritage, was deemed to be of gentlemanly condition or degree." — *Maximæ, Baronia Anglica*.

the darkness of far ages; their assumed descent from Odin and Thor was a clear enough expression of the fact, that their line had been of the highest type of their race, as far as the memory of all the generations of whom they had tidings reached. From this feeling came the strange exaggerations of old writers, those most extraordinary writers, the early expounders of heraldry. "God Almighty cannot make a gentleman!" exclaims one of these worthies. Indeed, James the First is said to have answered his nurse, who wished him to create her son one, "Na, na! I can make him a lord, but I cannot mak him a gentleman." We have, however, cases of royal creations of gentlemen; there is the instance of one John Kingston, whom one of our kings "*ad ordinem generosorum adoptabat*;" but from the fuss the writers make about this case, it is clear that it was thought extraordinary, nay, so to speak, unnatural. In France, one of the patents of nobility of which we have spoken, though it made a man a privileged person, did not make him a noble in a satisfactory sense. It took some three or four generations to make the offspring, "gentlemen of ancestry." Everything, in fact, shows, that "gentility," which is always spoken of as a matter of "blood" — that forcible and old metaphor — was an affair of race. In the last result, and peering as far as we can into the *ante Agamemnona* days, we find that certain sections of men were bigger and stronger, and had more energy of every kind, than other men, and became their governors and rulers. Take a simple illustration of the estimation in which different sets of men were held in early times, afforded by our language. The terms *villain*, *churl*, *boor*, all passed, from being simple terms of description, into terms implying humiliation; and on the other hand *gentlesse*, *gentleness*, and so on, became the names of qualities such as were supposed to belong to the class from whose designation they were derived.

He was cummin of gentill-men,

His father was a worthy knight,  
His mother was a lady bright,

sings Blind Harry of Sir William Wallace, who sprang from the De Walays of Normandy. Did the reader ever consider the testimony of those old ballads! They were written, it may be supposed, by the born singers of the humbler classes, in old days, when the gentleman's employment was war; they bear every trace of coming warm from the popular heart; now, how do they represent the Aristocracy! "Stout Erle Percy" and "Sir James, the bold Baron" are made noble figures of by these singers; "Good Sir Patrick Spens" is lovable, as seen by their light; and what more charming than their

portraits of the noble ladies, whose "lily-white hands" were such constant objects of their simple admiration! Loyalty is the predominant feeling of these old songs.

It would be blasphemy against the nature of things to suppose that the history of England or the history of Europe for long ages was all one false and mad state of society. We must, therefore, just accept Gentillesse, with its fiefs, tournaments, shields, heralds, pedigrees, and "prejudices," as the state of life through which Europe had necessarily to pass, and as that which formed the foundation of the existing state of civilization. Of course, if any one seriously maintains that it would have been better for England if Jack Cade had succeeded, and

When Adam delved, and Eve span,  
Who was then a gentleman!

become the motto of England, we must leave him to consider us and our "Pedigree and Heraldry" insanity, and proceed with our further illustrations of the subject with what heart we can.

The gradual and important process by which the distinction between the greater and lesser nobles came about, is not easily traced; the constitution of Parliaments, in early reigns, is involved in obscurity and controversy. It would appear that there was an early distinction between *barones majores* and *barones minores*. The Reports of the Lords Committee on the Dignity of a Peer, esteemed this distinction earlier than the time of John. Both classes were barons, and both, in Mr. Hallam's opinion, were constitutionally members of the *commune concilium*; there was no social distinction — that is, no distinction at all resembling that of caste — between them; and the *barones minores* were, in the words of Camden, those who "*vulgo generosi et gentlemen vocantur*." Extent of property was probably the cause of the gradual distinction. In the course of it, the *majores* became what we call the Peers — on which body the celebrated Madox, in his *Baronia Anglica*, has the following paragraph: —

Peerage was the state or condition of a peer. It consists chiefly in that relation which the barons or peers of the King's Court bare to one another. Baronial tenure or creation were the foundation of Peerage; for when a man was either left in barony, or was created a baron or earl, he was, *ipso facto*, a peer — one of the *Pares Curie Regie*.

But the *minores*, as the reader has seen, were equally of the aristocracy in the proper sense. When the custom began of summoning Parliament by two classes of writs — one addressed directly from the crown to the great barons, the other through the sheriffs of counties to men of less consequence — this last class became what we now familiarly



know as "county members," our ancient English "knights of the shire." By this means a mass of the aristocracy of the country became the leaders of the popular interest, and the first stand against Charles the First came from men who in every other country of Europe would have been counts or marquises; such men as Hampden, Sir Dudley Digges, and Sir John Elliot. One consideration of great importance flows from a right understanding of the historic nature of the English aristocracy, and it is this. When the question is raised as to the number of eminent men produced relatively by the aristocracy and the people, it is never quite fairly argued, from the general misapprehension of the real character of what constitutes "nobility." But we shall devote a special paragraph to this point further on.

Let us now endeavor to sketch historically the state of aristocracy in the country. With a nobility which does not yield to any other in antiquity or possessions, the English view of the matter has always been more liberal than that of the continent. This is shown by many particulars. By the comparative indifference in matters of alliance to begin with; in Germany a *mésalliance* is ruinous to the best pedigree. But, chiefly, the fact is proved by the very little success which the Heralds' College, or College of Arms, has had in this realm; it has been, and is, a prosperous corporation enough, but it has never been what could be called a successful institution. Heralds are among the oldest officials known. During the days of chivalry, when the knights rode into the tilting field, glittering with armor from head to foot, the herald stood by and announced the individual from the arms upon his shield. He was the messenger of kings and potentates; the regulator of ceremonial and state; the superintendent of all that pertained to the pomp and ornament of life; the authority on arms and pedigree; and the regulator of the stately ceremonies which accompanied that last display of human pride wherein our feudal forefathers were wont to be particularly magnificent, the occasions when

A funeral with plumes and lights,  
And music, went to Camelot.

These vulgar hatchments — symbols which have lost all meaning — which infest Great-gaunt street, are only the miserable descendants of the warrior's shield hung outside his castle wall, to tell the country that the gentleman whom they had followed to battle had begun his long slumber. On such occasions as these funerals your antique herald was in his glory. For he was the lord of the symbolic, and the interpreter of the gorgeous imagery by which was expressed, in ornament and ceremony, the spirit of the ancient life.

But though the king's heralds were formed into a constituted body; though Henry V. formed them into a College; and Richard III. granted them a charter of privileges; and Henry VIII. issued a commission to the Kings of Arms (21 Henry VIII.); in spite of all this, England never took heartily to Norroy and Clarencieux.\* A perpetual struggle went on between the heralds and the multitude. First, there was a war between them and those who *would*, without authority, assume coat-armor; and an amusing struggle between them and the local painters and undertakers, who presumed to arrange funerals, nay, "to wear gowns and tippets" (unhappy Clarencieux!) without authority, and contrary to all heraldic law and example. Their very visitations never received proper attention in England. Their first commission was the one above-mentioned, from Henry VIII. We will give a specimen of the way in which a Visitation was conducted. When the deputy arrived in a neighborhood he issued such a document as the following: †—

Summons to a Gentleman to appear before a  
Deputy to a King-at-arms.

— parish Co. —  
To Mr. ———

Sir,

You are personally to appear before ——— Esq., Windsor (or other) herald of arms, on ——— being the —th of ——— next, by eight of the clock in the morning, at the sign of the — of ———, there to enter your descent and arms, and to bring with you such arms and crest as you bear. Whereof you are not to fail, as you will answer the same before the Lords Commissioners for the office of the Earl Marshal of England.

Many, of course, did (luckily for descendants of a genealogical turn of mind) obey these summonses; but many treated them with indifference. Old Gerard Leigh relates, in his *Armorie*, that some who were applied to concerning their "coats," made somewhat obvious jests touching other portions of their apparel, shocking to the heraldic mind.

As might be expected, the Stuarts contrived to create all the mischief that could be conveniently created out of such institutions as these. In 1633, Charles I. issued a commission, by which the kings-at-arms had "liberty to reprove, control, and make infamous, by proclamation at the assizes, or general session, all that have taken upon themselves the title of esquire, gentleman, or otherwise," and also to punish the shameless persons — goldsmiths and "tippet" people, mentioned above. Further than that, he used the "pursuivants-at-arms" to arrest Sir Dudley Digges and Sir John Elliot, for speaking against

\* Noble's College of Arms; Berry, Preface to *Encyclopædia Heraldica*, &c.

† Noble, *ubi sup.* (Appendix, p. 22.)



the Duke of Buckingham. But the Earl Marshal's Court, a kind of court of honor to which the spirit of England was decidedly adverse, did most mischief to the cause of the heralds. This court took cognizance of "gentility," and made causes about what were properly matters of air and fancy. "Copley having spoken somewhat in defamation of Pierpoint's family, was fined 300*l*. And it was usual, then, to censure men for words, as a person was for saying, that one Brown was no gentleman, but descended from Brown, the great pudding-eater in Kent."\*

It was not likely that courts and commissions like these would outlive such a century as the seventeenth in England. The heralds made a good fight of it; the sturdy Dugdale, when he was Norroy, rigidly denounced pretenders, publicly disclaiming all who took upon them the title of gentleman or esquire — nay, sturdily *defacing tombstones* whereon arms were put without right, and so persecuting the poor *parvenu* even in his grave!† . . . . But ever the authority of the College was waning. In 1669, as Anthony à Wood tells us, in the sour pages of his "Life," Sir Edward Bysshe, Clarenceux King-of-Arms, "was at the Crown Inn, near Carfax, in Oxon, in order to visit part of the county of Oxon . . . being part of the province belonging to Clarenceux." Anthony, a most laborious antiquary, devoted to learning in his heart, but irritable at the surface, with papistical tendencies, misogyny, and college scandal, preying thereon, was then indulging what he calls his "esurient genie for antiquities." However, he spared time to look up at the proceedings of Bysshe, and so to inform us and the world that "few gentlemen appeared, because at that time *there was a horse-race at Brackley*. Such that came to him he entered if they pleased. If they did not, he was indifferent. *Many looked on this affair as a trick to get money*." So far Anthony, in his sour and prickly way: he had seen many things galling to an antiquarian and Tory mind — how, at the "very fair church" of Banbury, out of "sixty coats of arms that were on the windows before the war began, only twelve or thirteen were left." This was in 1659. Likewise he had seen the "ancient and noble seat of Workworth . . . lately belonging to the Chetwoods of Chetwood" . . . . "sold by them to Holman, a scrivener." And, what was worst of all, he had seen Fulk Grevill of "the antient and gentile familie of the Grevilles in Warwickshire . . . condemned for highway robbery!" But we must not linger with Anthony. The last commission was issued to the kings-at-arms in the 2d of James II.

\* Noble, from Rushworth.

† Life of Dugdale, prefixed to his "History of St. Paul's." He died in 1685.

Visitations fell into disuse. The College of Arms grants arms on application still, for fees; but, of course, interferes not either with shield or tombstone; and that ancient officer, the herald, has passed, like so many other great officials, into beadleedom.

The truth is, that the ancient aristocracy, of which the two great appurtenances were the land and the sword, had waned, and were ever waning — not only out of power, but out of existence altogether, long before the times of which we have just been speaking. It is only after poring over the huge tomes of the antiquary, that one begins to understand, either how great the old nobles were, or how entirely they passed away. In Queen Elizabeth's time, great social changes were going on. "Brooke, York Herald (we quote again from Noble), says that Cook, Clarenceux, in this (Elizabeth's) reign, granted five hundred coats-of-arms to different persons who applied for them; and that the two Dethicks gave more than that number; he also acquaints us that in his own time one hundred and twenty were given within ten years." [Hist. of College of Arms, p. 161.] These grantees, of course, were new men, every day purchasing estates from the old families; and no doubt are the ancestors of many of our most potent "county families" at present. It was natural that moderate estates should not hold out in the same families many centuries. But, meanwhile, what had become of the "mighty barons, who formerly overawed the crown"? The curious particulars concerning these magnates with which we become acquainted in the great work of Dugdale, sufficiently inform us of the splendor of their condition. The primal baron, who was a member of the king's council before any other title but earl was known in England; who had his own heralds; whose manors were to be counted by dozens; who administered justice on his own land, like a prince; who was waited on at table by gentle blood — he lies away, in our distant early history, as the megatherium does in that of the world, the huge bulk of him only dimly conceivable! The wars and attainders — the fatal Roses, whose breath was as deadly as that of the flowers in Hawthorne's philosophical story,\* were fatal to him. Innumerable families ended in heiresses, who carried the estates to smaller men, and gave to their modern descendants the right to boast of some little of the old blood of the rulers of Europe. But the wars of the Roses gave the finishing blow to the old style of great nobility. A modern noble may achieve considerable splendor in the upholstery way by dint of money, but it is not the splendor of power.

There are various examples of the result

\* "Rappacini's Daughter," in the "Mosses from an Old Manse."

of the horrible devastation of the wars of the Roses in the way of family destruction. Of the great house of Stafford, Earls of Stafford, and Dukes of Buckingham, three successive heads died in the field; and the grandson of the third was beheaded by Henry VIII. This man's son was restored in blood, and the title of Lord Stafford remained to his race; but after public events had spared them, private injury completed the ruin of the male line. The restored lord's eldest son left a line which ended in an heiress, but that heiress married a Howard; and when the grandson of the restored lord (by a second son) claimed the title, he was bullied into silence and obscurity. He died without issue, which was the best thing he could do; but his sister Jane Stafford married a *joiner*, and produced a *cobbler*, who was living in 1637.

Regium certe genus et Penates  
Meret iniquos

—might have been with much propriety quoted of this poor fellow; for he had only to stir "beyond his last," to claim kin with all that was noblest in England, and was descended from the Plantagenets.\* But, not only did the Staffords come to extreme misery; the Hollands begged their bread in exile. It is well known that though the House of Lords, when summoned in 1451 by Henry VI., counted fifty-three temporal lords, yet when summoned by Henry VII. in 1485, it counted only twenty-nine, and of these several had been recently elevated to the peerage.† The reign of Henry VII. was no reign likely to bring them round again; for that cold, shrewd, thoughtful monarch "kept a tight hand upon his nobility," says Lord Bacon, in that classical piece of biography, his life of Henry—"and chose rather to promote clergymen and lawyers, who though they had the interest of the people were more obsequious to him; to this I am persuaded were greatly owing the troubles of his reign, for though his nobility were loyal and at his command, yet they did not cooperate with him, but let every man go his own way." We may avail ourselves further of Bacon's work to illustrate our subject; and here we see how the Kentish men acted on a certain occasion: "The Kentish men, perceiving that Perkin was not attended by any Englishmen of consequence . . . applied to the *principal gentlemen of the county* . . . desiring to be directed in what manner they could best act for the king's service." Natural enough! The "gentlemen" were then actually expected to have some guidance and direction at command, and were looked to, to supply it—and not only

to furnish soup kitchens and commit poachers! We likewise find heraldry still enjoying considerable vitality in those days, for my Lord Aubrey, having foolishly headed a west country rabble, who marched to London on a wild goose chase, was taken and executed; there being affixed to his breast a piece of paper with his "arms" painted on it reversed. All reasonable and intelligible enough; for it was as much as to say, know all men by this ignoble paper of my Lord Audley's "arms" the disgrace of that lord; these "arms" which ought to be the symbol of his nobleness being the mark of his shame.

The House of Lords was very naturally recruited, in early times, from the landed men or gentry, the holders of feudal estates. It consisted, as we have seen, of a mere fifty or sixty. But, as years rolled on, and its numbers increased, and times changed, the House of Lords was added to, from many different sources.\* The theory of its being, of course, was, that it was to compose the greater council of the kingdom, and so to consist of its greatest potentates—those who were strictly of most consequence by power and estates. This gave it weight and value: an old earl was literally the governor of the district whence he derived his title, and so forth. Everything, in short, in these early days, meant something, which is saying a good deal! During Elizabeth's long reign, she only made seven peers, and of these all but Cecil were of historic descent. King James was more lavish, and in his reign peerages were sold sometimes. We then begin to find families, whose names are now great in the land, coming to the surface: Cecil, the ancestor of the Marquis of Salisbury; Cavendish of Chatworth, sprung from Wolsey's gentleman usher; and the old name of Grey, in the persons of Grey of Croby, and Grey of Werke, comes into the peerage. Sir John Holles, a very rich man, who sprang from a Lord Mayor (a functionary not rarely found the patriarch of our modern great houses), bought into the rank of earl, and founded a house, which subsequently produced an heiress just in time to bring wealth to the Clintons. Law and trade had already gained the high and serene air of the upper House; and these, directly and indirectly, will be found to be the sources of many peerages henceforth. Charles I. created fifty-six peerages—of course giving them right and left, to aid his desperate cause; but of these all but six are extinct—a fact which would alone show how lines wear out. Charles II. created some forty-eight (including those which we owe to his amours, and which he "created"

\* See case of Roger Stafford, in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for 1797.

† Macaulay, Hist. of England, vol. i., p. 38.

\* Grimaldi, Origines Genealogicæ; works of Sir Harris Nicolas and Sir Egerton Brydges; and the Peerages.

in a very literal sense); and here, says a celebrated genealogist, a departure more strikingly took place from the old principle; not men of feudal property so much as *enrichis* were selected.

King William's peers amounted to some twenty-four—which include the Dutch houses of Bentinck and Keppel. In Queen Anne's time twelve peers were made in a day, which created a regular uproar. But that was a worthy opening of the last century, which was famous for jobbing peerages; for when the House of Lords was once made a place to reward partisans, it became a place of party and family convenience. There is a charming illustration of this in the recent *Memorial of Fox*, edited by Lord John Russell, in which somebody writing to Fox says, "Lord Ossory is very desirous, from a dislike of the turmoil, and still more of the expense of elections, to obtain an English peerage." Very likely! And this is just the light in which the House of Lords has come to be regarded; and so we hear of men being "shelved" there, and sent there, when it is expected that they will be useless to the state, or when it is feared that they will be too active, and it is wished to reduce them to imbecility.

But surely the House remains, at all events, a body of venerable and ancient aristocracy hoary with time and honor, and so sheds a lustre from the old days of England over the land! The way in which its ranks have been recruited is not such as to tend to *this* result. Let us see. In the first place, the old peerages have been constantly becoming extinct. Then a lawyer's family—the utility of the individual having expired with himself—represent nothing but his talents for "getting on," and how often is there anything beautiful or venerable about that kind of modern career! The whole tendency of the creations during the last century was to vulgarize the institution. Bubb Doddington was made Lord Melcombe; and the uncle of Horace Walpole had, as his amiable nephew tells us, "his ambition and dirt crowned" by a similar reward. The same ambitious Horatio Walpole bettered his fortune by marrying a tailor's daughter—the tailor figuring in the peerages as "Peter Lombard, Esq.;" she was, however, a very sensible woman; when the Queen of France asked her—"De quelle famille etes vous?" she answered, "*D'aucune!*" Of the thirty-two peers whom George II. made, five only are calculated to have been country gentlemen of ancient descent and good estates; and the old titles died out almost as quickly as the new ones were made. In this reign the existing Dukedom of Northumberland was created. Three times the noble line of Percy had ended in an heiress; the first time, the lady married Josceline de Lovaine; the second

time, the prize fell to the proud Duke of Somerset; the third heiress carried the estates to Sir Hugh Smithson, the son of an apothecary, who had been created a baronet. What proportion of the old Percy blood flows in the veins of those who claim the honor of the family's representation? The *fanatics* of "blood," *i. e.*, those who are not content to yield that reasonable amount of regard to it, which sense and sentiment both permit, should remember that when the main line has merged, again and again, into other families, the original blood must be but a small constituent of the remote descendant's personality.

The great subverter of the aristocratic principle in the creation of peers, was Pitt. In fighting his battle against the whigs, he availed himself immensely of the moneyed interest; and rewarded the supporters of party with the honors of the crown. At every general election a batch was made; *eight* peerages were created in 1790; and in 1794, when a whig defection to him took place, *ten* were created. Sir Egerton Brydges, a very accomplished man, both as a genealogist and a man of letters, published a special pamphlet on the point in 1798.\* He undoubtedly expressed the views of the old aristocratic party when he said—

In every Parliament I have seen the number argumented of busy, intriguing, pert, low members, who, without birth, education, honorable employments, or perhaps even fortune, dare to obtrude themselves, and push out the landed interest.

One effect of granting these peerages in such a way is obvious enough. Society in England has always been based on aristocracy. Now, by giving a sort of preference to men who had no aristocratic pretensions over their untitled neighbors who *had*, the traditional order of affairs throughout England was broken in upon, and not—mark this!—broken in upon to replace an effete order by new genius and natural nobility, but by mere moneyed jobbers and adventurers. From 1784 to 1830 were created 186 peerages; and, 34 having become extinct during that time, the addition of 152 remained.

What then is at present the proportion of genuine aristocracy in the House of Lords? Calculations have been made by genealogists on this subject, of which we shall avail ourselves.

The learned author of the *Origines Genealogica* analyzed the printed peerage of 1828, and found that of 249 noblemen 35 "laid claim" to having traced their descent beyond the Conquest; 49 prior to 1100; 29 prior to 1200; 32 prior to 1300; 26 prior to

\* "On the recent Augmentations of the Peerage." 1798. Dodsley.

1400; 17 to 1500; and 23 to 1600. At the same time 30 had their origin but little before 1700. . . . Here then we have a result of one-half of the peerage being at all events traceable to a period antecedent to the Wars of the Roses. But of these a third only had emerged at all out of insignificance during the two previous centuries.

Sir Harris Nicolas fixes as his standard of pretension in family, the having been of consideration, that is, of baronial or knightly rank, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and on applying that test to the English Peerage in 1830, found that ONE-THIRD of the body were entitled to it.

There still remain in the male line, up and down England, a considerable number of landed families of very high antiquity; but the gradual decay and extinction of these is the constant theme of genealogists. Hear old Dugdale in the Preface to his *Baronage* in 1675.

He first speaks of the Roll of Battle Abbey, and says of it:—"There are great errors or rather falsities in most of these copies. . . . Such hath been the subtlety of some monks of old." But, speaking of his labors generally, he has these more remarkable words:—

For of no less than 270 families touching which this first volume doth take notice, there will hardly be found above eight, which do to this day continue; and of those not any whose estates (compared with what their ancestors enjoyed) are not a little diminished. Nor of that number (I mean 270) above twenty-four who are by any younger male branch descended from them, for aught I can discover.

He was only stating, in a business-like way, what had been echoed and reechoed in England for a century before. Peacham, the author of that curious book, the *Complait Gentleman* (edition of 1634), speaks of the "ordinary purchasing of armes and honors for money," and says that the French called these intruders "*Gentill-Villains*," with more of the same sort. Massinger was illustrating the same fact when he made Sir Giles Overreach exclaim—

"Tis a rich man's pride!—there having ever been, More than a feud, a strange antipathy— Between us and true gentry."

No sources more abundantly show the decay of the ancient aristocracy than those huge and useful works, which so often ruin their projectors, our County Histories. Lyson's *Magna Britannia* has many instances of it under the various counties. One fact may serve as a specimen. In the 12th year of Henry VI., about the middle of the fifteenth century, a dozen generations ago, a list of the Gentry of *Berkshire* was made out. "It is remarkable," says our author, "that there is not one family descended in the male line

from any of the gentry enumerated in the above list now left in the country.

Various curious deductions may be made from facts like these, and some very important ones, both tending to mitigate existing caste-pride.\* Such as the great mixture of classes by middle-class families having married heiresses of ancient ones; the extreme probability that much of the most ancient blood in the country—the blood of the oldest classes of feudal proprietors—flows in the veins of the common people and peasantry. If, however, we broach the great query, *what blood has governed England* for the last three centuries, we shall find that an answer must be given materially different now from the answer which would have leaped to the lips of a gentleman in the days of regal Bess!

A man must be very democratic indeed, who would deny to the aristocracy, that is, the nobility, greater and less, the lords and the gentry, the merit of having governed England during the whole period of the formation of the constitution. And when we argue such a question, it must never be forgotten that the tacit, the local administration, the general organization, must be taken into account. But with the progress of time the other classes have more and more exercised an influence. The leading men on both sides during the Civil War were of good family;† but the party which was least aristocratic in its elements was the one which triumphed. In the next century, again, the Foxes, Lords Holland,‡ started from a plebeian of Charles II.'s time; the Walpoles and Pitts were plain country squires; the Pelhams owed their wealth to an ancestral citizen; the North family was new; Burke, Sheridan, Canning, Peel, sprung from the middle class.

One often hears the question, what kind of families have produced men of distinction, brought up in conversation. As we have said before, it is not always quite fairly put. For instance, when it is recorded that Milton's father was "scrivener," it should be remembered that he was of ancient lineage. The families may claim among poets, Spenser, Dryden, Waller, Surrey, George Herbert, Beaumont, Byron, Shelley, Cowper; among great writers generally, Bacon, Boyle, Gibbon, Hume, Fielding, Smollet, Congreve, Swift,

\* The sort of pride which is obliged (a very ominous symptom) to borrow its phrases from the French heraldic writers, and talks of *pur sang*; *crème de la crème*; *parfum de noblesse*, and other pet absurdities of "Jenkins'!"

† As Cromwell, St. John, Hampden, Bradshaw, Admiral Blake, &c., on the popular side; and the fact about the other needs no details.

‡ Charles James, however, was fourth in descent from Charles II. by his mother; and several points of likeness in him to the Stuart, show how surely character transmits itself.

Sterne, Arbuthnot, Walter Scott, Goldsmith. These men were all what a herald would designate gentlemen. Doubtless, we omit others, for we quote from memory; but the opposite side has a formidable list:—Ben Jonson, Cowley, Prior, Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Johnson, Collins, Gray, Selden, Keats, Richardson, Franklin, Bunyan (by some, supposed to descend from the gypsies, a point worth searching into), Moore, Crabbe, all came out of the inferior *strata* of society. The mighty Shakespeare had a share of all blood as of all else in Nature. His paternal pedigree stops with his grandfather, and his coat-of-arms was not older than himself; but his mother's family, the Ardens, belonged to the ancient gentry of Warwickshire. Bring a man from one class, you can always match him from the other. Martin Luther may outweigh innumerable *quarterings*. As for the theory of "pure blood," the Spanish nobles are very bad instances of its effects in practice; some of the greatest potentates amongst them are said to be actually of stunted growth. We remember being much amused by reading in the late Mr. T. M. Hughes' book on Spain, that one of their nobles, while professing to descend from the *Giant Geryon*, was himself, in stature, some four feet two!—

So fades, so languishes, grows dim and dies,  
All that this world is proud of.

What a sight for our posterity should this degeneracy continue, and some future Barnum go about exhibiting some future — di — "as a very singular specimen of that now nearly extinct race, the hereditary governor of mankind, and (theoretical) 'King of Men!'"

The standard old books of Heraldry, such as the "Boke of St. Albans," the "Glory of Generosity," the huge tome which goes by the name of "Guillim's Heraldry," and others, we reckon among the most extraordinary specimens of the human intellect. The inquirer of the nineteenth century, when he wanders into that region, is at first struck dumb with surprise; he finds himself in a chill, unearthly atmosphere, like that of a vault. It is a region of fossils. Here is a dead leaf with some strange lines on it; yon bed of thickest clay has traces which indicate that some organized body has stamped itself on it. You grope curiously about. Presently you say, there has been life here! Yes, the great sea of ancient European life receding away has left these traces of itself and its products, in every sort of form and shape, indicating that there has been life there, but leaving you only the most curious images and hints of itself to wonder over.

Something like this, we say, strikes on the mind at once. For the old heraldic writers

are pedants to a man; and on a subject which gives every encouragement to a pedantic mind. We have indicated, above, the gradual formation of the primal aristocracy into a greater and lesser body of nobles, the latter comprising what we call the gentry.\* The fact of such distinction, with its division of powers, was part of the very essence of the English character and constitution. Some consciousness of a similar rank in "blood" would of course dwell long in the minds of the great squires. A squire of Elizabeth's time, we can fancy, when he saw some neighbor of less distinguished pedigree, but whose father had by a lucky haul of Church property got himself made a peer—when he saw him taking precedence and so on, might grumble a little over his canary, and assert that he was as good a gentleman as any in the kingdom; that he had heard that his ancestor had sat as a Baron in Edward I.'s time, and that the Swigvilles were a match for e'er a lord in the land. All this was natural enough; and, on the blood theory, perfectly just. But the heraldic writer never considered that Swigville was a commoner in the eye of the law, and that it was very lucky for England, and belonged to the liberal character of her institutions, that she had no *caste* of Nobles, invidiously distinguished by common privileges from the rest of the kingdom, and so helping to produce some bloody convulsion, and disorganization, for a future posterity! No. He never looked beyond the coat-of-arms. He saw everything through a haze of *or* and *azure*. The human race were divided into "ye noble," and "ye ignoble;" "ye gentill-man of blood," and "ye churle." "Ye noble" should not, according to him, marry with "ye churle;" for then he "would bar his progeny of noblesse."† It was assumed that mankind were composed of two separate bodies, of whom one was as superior to the other, as "ye horse" to "ye asse;" everybody with an old shield belonged to one, and everybody without one to the other.

But while the heraldic writer sinned monstrously against Physiology, he played still more extraordinary tricks with the history of the world.

He sees himself in all he sees,

—to his eye, his darling and exalted science had existed in its present form since the beginning of the world. The shape of the

\* This distinction of rank with similarity of origin is admitted in its favorableness to the gentry, by the liberal historians. Hallam says, "Nobility, that is, gentility of birth, might be testified by a pedigree, but a peer was to be in arms for the crown." Suppt. to the "Middle Ages."

† Sir John Ferne's "Glory of Generosity," is a book which, according to Peacham, was in his day "daily sought after as a jewel."



shield had probably been suggested by the spade of Adam. The distinction of classes had begun with the first generation. Hear the Book of St. Albans, which was written in the fifteenth century, and printed by Wynkin de Worde:—

*Cain* and all his offspring became *churls*, both by the curse of God and his own father. *Seth* was made a *gentleman*, through his father and mother's blessing, from whose loins issued *Noah*, a *gentleman* by kind and lineage. Of *Noah's* sons *Chem* became a *churl* by his father's curse, on account of his gross barbarism towards his father. *Japhet* and *Shem*, *Noah* made *gentlemen*. From the offspring of *gentlemanly Japhet* came *Abraham*. *Moses* and the prophets, and also the king of the right line of *Mary*, of whom *that only absolute gentleman, Jesus*, was born; perfitte God, and perfitte man, according to his manhood, King of the land of *Juda* and the *Jews*, and *gentleman* by his mother *Mary*, princess of coat-armor.

This book was written by an ecclesiastic; whether by Dame Juliana Berners, or one of the stronger sex, is uncertain. Very pretty and profitable reading for youth, in the days when not many besides "ye gentill-men" were likely to have a chance of being able to read! No wonder new men hastened to get "coat armor" and escape, or enable their descendants to escape, out of the list of the descendants of Cain! When one sees that such books as this were written with all seriousness, one begins to understand how Froissart could see nothing in the *Jacquerie* but a "rising of the meaner sort;" and how Bacon could palliate some severities of Henry VII., on the ground that they were inflicted "but upon the scum of the people."

The heraldic writer propounded views of natural history, on a par with his civil history and his science. His discourses on the infinite number of animals borne as "charges" in the art, commence invariably with the most monstrous dreams of antiquity on the subject. The lion when sick "cureth himself with the blood of an ape;" and singles out the particular man who has wounded him, from a crowd. But it is when the application of this knowledge is to be made to the illustration of his heraldic art that our friend becomes transcendently ridiculous; he has a story to account for the origin of each family's "arms;" he always implies that the arms were assumed with some mystical motive. *Argent* signifies *purity*, &c.; as if every family would not have testified to its own purity, if any such refined symbolism had existed in early times! As if early Heraldry had been sentimental only, and not at once useful, significant, and poetic, too!

To the Heralds we owe those silly fables about the *origin* of families, which figure in the commencement of pedigrees, as "tradi-

tions;" such as the story of the "old man *Hay*," and of the ancestor of the *Napiers*, with the "na peer" punning derivation. The mass of such stories are myths, which have gradually sprung out of the constant human tendency to account for the origin of things; in the particular cases alluded to, to account for the subject in the coat-armor. Old families must have had coat-armor\* even earlier than they had surnames; and whenever we get the safe evidence of a charter about a great house, we find nothing to make it probable that a poor old reaper "with three sons," or any other mythical figure, was the founder, but some stout Teutonic knight, of use and importance in his generation.

It says a great deal for the good-sense of England, aristocratic as she is ever considered, that these big heraldic books never have had much success. It was not till within the last century, that anything like a scientific work on the subject was written; and really Mr. Planché's is the only notably sensible book that we ever remember reading about it.† He goes to work in a rigidly business-like way. What is the earliest evidence we have of the use of armorial bearings? What do the figures in the Bayeux Tapestry amount to? Can we hope to know precisely why, and when, particular bearings were adopted?

For our own part, we never intended to write an antiquarian dissertation on the subject. We do not value antiquities nor antiquarians, except in so far as they enable us better to understand the human life of our fellow-creatures in old days. We must be excused, therefore, for putting down, without controversial detail, the essence of what we have gathered on the subject:—

1. We think that there is no evidence of anything like Heraldry as a system prior to the time of Richard I.

2. But as everything grows, though we do not see the growth of institutions, more than that of trees, we must suppose Heraldry to have grown too; and we clearly see the rude germs of it in the figures which Mr. Planché has given from the Bayeux Tapestry.

3. We accept the universal belief, that the system owed almost everything, as a system, to the Crusades.

4. We are inclined to think that Mr. Planché's view, of the braces and clamps of the shield being the natural early heraldic figures, is a very reasonable one.

Whether or not these notions be just, the only interest a subject such as this can have

\* When Froissart is relating who was killed in any of the innumerable fights he writes of, he sometimes says only, "he wore" so-and-so. The arms of a house in early days were far stronger marks of distinction than the name.

† We hear the "Curiosities of Heraldry," by Lower, well spoken of, but have never seen it.

for mankind now, is its symbolic interest. And all that we could ever see, to have been discovered about the earliest practice of Heraldry, convinces us that its origin was natural and beautiful; that it was a kind of homage to the beautiful on the part of the leaders of Europe in days when life, though violent, was noble. It was the distinctive mark of these leaders, too, and a not ungraceful assertion of the fact of their leadership. Fossil-like as it has become now, who knows whether it may not yet once more acquire a symbolic value, if only as a kind of disgraceful signal that a man assumes to belong to the leading class without doing anything but put an odd figure on his spoons by way of showing it! Pedigree and Heraldry exist as a reproach to this last-mentioned gentleman; who forgets that the word "Gentleman" was, for long centuries, a faith of its kind throughout Europe. While this is forgotten, and perhaps naturally forgotten, in our progress to other forms of life, it is as well, now and then, to look at these older forms sometimes, and try to get clear notions out of them. For gentleman has gradually come to mean a person of some kind of polish and assumption; though it is the *man* which is the base of the word, which is also the life of it; and which will have to begin again in its native vigor, after this peculiar feudal modification of it shall have outlived its utility.

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From the Spectator, 3d Sept.

#### RELATION OF CLIENT AND LAWYER.

HOWEVER little the Smyth case can have answered the purpose of the man who claimed the property, it will not be entirely without beneficial result, since it has put in a very strong light a moral which has not escaped the legal profession. Some time ago it was argued that a barrister becomes completely the agent and advocate of his client, engaged solely to present all that may be said on the side of that client, and disengaged from any moral responsibility as to the merits of the case. This doctrine, however, although it was convenient for the consciences of professional men less sensitive than Romilly, could not be sustained entirely; and barristers have gone to the equally erroneous opposite extreme—that of throwing up a brief as soon as a grossly fraudulent character was exposed in their case. Mr. Bovill threw up his brief in the Smyth case, and in doing so, we think, violated the true principle upon which a barrister should act; a principle which has not been unrecognized by the profession. It is, that the barrister is engaged for the purpose of seeing that his client be treated according

to law, and in no other way; that he have all the evidence that can be procured and set forth for him; that the evidence be taken according to rule and practice; that the judge charge the jury according to law and rule; in short, that the whole proceedings be regular and complete in all that is required on the part of the client. Acting on this principle, the barrister can retain his brief to the last, as well as on the principle of absolute agency; but he is not required to be an accomplice in suborning false evidence, or in setting forth pleas that he knows to be fraudulent; nor is he bound to anticipate the judgment by a declaration of the verdict in the act of throwing up his brief.

This principle has been recognized so far that there is a prospect of its becoming more generally adopted as the rule of the profession. But the Smyth case suggests to us, that it may very properly be extended to the other half of the profession—the attorneys. They are bound to exercise discretion in their conduct with their clients, otherwise they become parties to conspiracy and fraud. Considering all the opportunities that a man in the profession has of discriminating, it is difficult to find him thus placed and to acquit him either of an extraordinary degree of dullness or of culpable knowledge. It is, for example, excessively difficult to understand how any professional man could see Smyth, hear him tell his lies—nay, take them down in writing in order to insert them in the brief—and not understand the whole character of the fraud. Now no attorney would put himself into this position, however fraudulent his client might be, if he confined himself to the principle which we have mentioned as adopted by barristers.

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*Burton and its Bitter Beer.* By J. Stevenson Bushnan, M. D., &c. Author of "Miss Martineau and her Master." (Readings in Popular Literature.)

This is a kind of amende honorable. Dr. Bushnan having, as editor of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, been the first to promulgate in this country the bitter story of the use of strychnine in bitter beer, and admission being refused by his successor in the editorship to a justificatory letter of Mr. Allsopp, the learned doctor made a pilgrimage to Burton to investigate matters on the spot. There is much more, however, in his publication, than an account of the manufacture of bitter beer, the premises in which it is brewed, and the history of the house of Allsopp néé Wilson, curious as that is, especially the manner in which the sudden and capricious changes in Russian tariffs deal out injury to British traders. Dr. Bushnan enters upon the vexed question of total abstinence; narrates the history of ale; and gives a picture of the town of Burton, which may serve as a guide. — *Spectator*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

I HATE railway travelling! Pardon the strength of the expression. To me the pleasure and excitement of a journey no longer exist; both have vanished with macadamized roads and mail-coaches. True, the former were dusty, especially in July; but have you no chances of ophthalmia by rail? Are there no sharp particles flying into your eye at the rate of thirty miles an hour, including stoppages; and is there not a sting, a pungency, a piercingness, about railway dust, for which the old highway commodity affords no parallel? Twenty-four hours to London certainly was a "toil of a pleasure," there is no denying that. But if the toil is now happily got rid of, I appeal confidently to every traveller of taste, if I am not right in asserting that the pleasure has gone with it!

How pleasant, some fourteen or twenty years ago (for my railway grievance is not of much longer standing), was a journey through some of the rural districts of old England! There were the turnings and windings of the grass-bordered highway, every one of which presented you with some new view, or fresh aspect of the old; the stately, park-like trees which here and there overshadowed it; then, the ruin in the valley, how it seemed to flit before you, now on the one side, then on the other, disclosing its beautiful details of arch, gallery, and ivy-braced tower, till at length, suddenly lost sight of, a sharp turn of the road brought you under its time-stained walls, and, for a moment, you glided noiselessly over the green turf whence they sprang. Then a cheerful blast of the horn, or haply bugle-notes, that rang out in sharp echoes; and, dashing over the steep bridge, apparently constructed for the express purpose of sousing all the "outsides" into the stream, a fate from which miracle or first-rate coachmanship alone saved you—you cantered jauntily into the little country-town, to the admiration of all the loungers about that most seductive inn-door, and the supreme delight of John himself, who is acutely alive to the unqualified approbation excited by his turnout. A sentiment which is admirably depicted in the broad grins that greet his arrival; while the occupants of sundry blue bed-gowns and scarlet petticoats, suspend their labors of eternally washing something or other at their door-steps, to turn up their hard-lined, impassive faces, and gaze at the vehicular pageant as it rushes by. The Red Lion creaked invitingly as you entered the porch; and, rejoicing in the security of your half hour for dinner, you made known your wishes for

that most attractive of "rural messes," ham and eggs, with an inward longing, to which delicacy alone prevented you giving vocal expression, to add, "for two!" Then you strolled to the close-shaven, well-enclosed bowling-green, whose verdant level agreeably bounds the view, right through the house, to enjoy the sunset till your repast was ready. That was enjoyment; and business was done into the bargain, every whit as well, as though you had clattered along at the heels of an unseemly steam-engine, and seen nothing worth looking at by the way.

There was an idea of unity, a *oneness* about a stage-coach, the attainment of which is simply impossible to half a quarter of a mile of carriages, headed, and perhaps followed to boot, by a snorting locomotive; and then with how fraternal a spirit you regarded the rest of the four "insides!" With what kindly compassion you remarked the ill-made sandwiches with which your companion opposite had been furnished by some unconscientious hireling; and with what a thrill of humanity you tendered him your own delicate parallelograms of most savory contents, prepared for you by one of your own household, dear, "silly, womankind!" and of whose existence and uses, in your utter abjuration of lunches *en route*, you are alone reminded by your neighbor's wretchedness. Meet him in a railway carriage, and you absolutely feel a savage pleasure in seeing him, after repeated and vain attempts upon the *gristly* reflection, fling the whole through the window with a growl of malediction, dedicated alike to the artist who had perpetrated so unworkmanlike an affair, and such a mode of travelling as renders the loss irreparable. No, it is utterly and forever impossible that the sympathies which are required to embrace three hundred individuals can be as intense as when they are brought to a focus upon half-a-dozen! And then the box-seat! What mere mortal can adequately unfold its marvellous delights! One, two, three—at each step you seem to shake off some of the littlenesses of humanity; till, finally perched upon its proudest height, you become sensible of a rapidly increasing contempt for all men and things beneath; culminating in so settled and sublime a composure as enables you serenely, and without feeling discomposed at their awkwardness, to drive over old women, and children, and donkey-carts, and even to jerk elderly gentlemen out of their ridiculous tilburies into quickset hedges; which, by the way, come the worse off of the two, their budding hopes being utterly crushed beneath the weight of incumbent humanity. Other things may be "great;" but your "four-in-hand" is "glorious."

My last experience of this delectable posi-

tion, passive though not active, was one of thorough enjoyment; the more so, perhaps, that it was unpremeditated, for slight symptoms of a wet day had half induced me to bestow myself snugly inside. However, being always weather-wise at the sea-side, I concluded that it would turn out fine. And fine it was; one of the most brilliant specimens of an April day, with the exception of its showers; the dull, lowering morning issuing in an evening of such varied cloud and sunshine as I have rarely seen, and which imparted an extreme, albeit illusive beauty, to a bleak sandy coast; the beach, whence the tide had retreated, leaving innumerable miniature lakes in its shelvings, and sinuosities, glowing with a hazy purple hue, amid which the little pools gleamed like gold. The cliff to the north, torn, ragged, and abrupt, stood out boldly to the light; its deep brown sides stained with many tints by the streams that trickled from the high land; while, to the south, a faint blue line, visible above the horizon, indicated the Welsh mountains. The former we left behind, our road skirting the sea, and almost on its level, for a short distance. It was in a quiet part of the country — a corn-growing district, innocent of tall chimneys, and night-and-day-working steam-engines, which, in some of the northern parts of England, disfigure the most beautiful and picturesque scenery. Here, innumerable windmills attracted the eye of the spectator.

I have called it an April day; but, in fact,

'Twas April, as the bumpkins say,  
The legislature called it May.

And, indeed, the two months might well have squabbled as to which of them might justly claim the honor of having produced it.

The first few miles of our journey lay on and near the barren coast, where sand alternated with stunted herbage, and the slender, wiry plant that binds together the light shifting undulations. In some places, where cultivation had bestowed its patient toil, were scattered groups of such trees as best stand the keen salt blast; the hardy willow, the fir, and sundry others, that, familiar though they are to my eye, I must with shame confess I am not arborologist enough to name; all, by their invariable elant in one direction, *landwards*, bearing witness to the strength and constancy of the "ocean-scented gale" that sweeps over them, searing the tender buds that first struggle into tardy verdure. Dull, flat, and monotonous, the scene yet had its attractions beneath the deep-toned sunshine that now gave grace and beauty to the most insignificant portions of it. (How beautiful in such a light is a bit of broken clay-bank crested with short green turf!) The vapors that, during the early part of the day, had rested heavily

on the earth, were now dispersed, until atmosphere (in artistic phrase) there was absolutely none; so crisp, so intensely clear was all around. Presently, low white cottages were seen here and there amid a tuft of sheltering trees, under whose screen gay flowers were clustered. While the neatly-kept kitchen-garden well stocked with vegetables, and the bright milk-pails (arranged for present use, as I guessed from seeing a formidable pair of horns at the other side of the hedge!), gave pleasing evidence of the cheerful industry of their inmates; some specimens of whom presented themselves to our view, in the form of small urchins, the shape and color of a brick; so square and red were these "sons of the soil." In the distance a range of sandhills allowed occasional glimpses of the "burnished waters" that rolled beyond them; and whose ceaseless booming, growing faint and fainter as our course inclined to the interior, fell not inharmoniously upon the ear.

Then we turned inland; and the landscape assumed a richer aspect. Our prospect, almost momentarily varied by the incessant play of light and shade, was bounded by the hills spread out from north to south before us; steeped in sunshine, while the plain was thrown into deep shadow, then shrouded in gloom as the ever-changing light fell on the intervening country, bringing out vividly its different features, of ploughed land, pasture, and corn-field; the clouds now collecting in one heavy mass, with round, dull outlines, then, dishevelled by the fantastic breeze, riding at speed through the sky, intensely blue; first one point, then another, and yet another of the wide-spread landscape being brought into view as the sunbeams chased the rapidly retreating shadows. The air was cold and bracing, just enough to exhilarate one; the herbage and foliage, now become luxuriant in the extreme, after a six-weeks' drought, looking as fresh and green as after a spring shower. We were a light load, well-horsed, and merrily we rattled along; for a while following the course of a noble river, whose retiring tide — for we were yet within a dozen miles of the sea — had left tall vessels "high and dry" upon its sandy banks. Then we raced through a picturesque hamlet, making a most important clatter over the small, rough paving-stones, which there supplanted the smoother surface of the high-road, the overhanging boughs on each side sweeping our heads, while groups of sturdy, staring children ran out to see the sight, hailing us with a small cheer or two, from mouths too well stuffed with bread and butter to emit any very powerful sounds. That was a sharp turn as we left it. Swing went the coach. "Take care of yourselves, gentlemen!" All



right! and on we bounded over a level, park-like heath, where sheep enough to furnish the whole county with mutton were cropping the short grass with such evident satisfaction as made me half long for a mouthful myself! They raised their silly faces to stare at us as we passed, and then, with an "up with their heels and down with their head" movement, cantered off, to leave us a wide berth, most palpably preferring our room to our company.

It was a delicious drive. But "each pleasure has its pain;" — and mine was not without its accustomed sequence. At sunset it terminated in a smoky manufacturing town, where, having refreshed myself with a cup of ineffably bad coffee, whose flavorless tepidity was no ways ameliorated by its being handed to me on a silver waiter by a "boy in buttons," I consigned myself — it must be owned dusty and cold — to the well-cushioned enclosure of a rail-way-carriage. The long train shot through the dusk, and, as usual, dipping between two banks, whenever the still gorgeous west, or any object of unusual interest presented itself, rapidly brought me within sight of home. The lights of a large town gleamed oddly through the darkness, not only around, but actually under our feet, for huge arches here overleapt streets and houses, so that, had not daylight failed me, I might have committed the impertinence of looking down people's chimneys, to see what they were going to have for dinner.

Truly nothing can beat an English high-road and stage-coach. There are so many miseries about a railway. There is the utter destruction of one's nerves in the gigantic bustle and business around; you seem encircled by one extravagant hiss; the mingled flavor of smoke and oil, subsidiary to the abominable steam-packet movement, adapted to produce on dry land the most objectionable results of a sea-voyage; the clambering up to your carriage, like climbing the side of a house from its height and perpendicularity; and the hauling or pushing your lady companions thus incommodiously to their seats. Then, after a fluttering jerk of the signal-bell, which reminds you that your wife's half-dozen packages are in the hands of as many porters, a few minutes elapse, spent in painfully poking your head out to the utmost extent of your neck, to make sure of the safe deposition of the said voluminous luggage. Another jerk of the bell, and a slow tremulous motion, and you fancy you are fairly under way at last. No such thing; a jingling of chains, followed by a full stop, with the additional emphasis of no gentle bang against the "buffers" of the next carriage, convinces you, as you are flung into the bonnet of the lady opposite, that you labor under a mistake,

and that the whole routine of disagreeables attendant upon getting up the steam will again have to be undergone before that happy consummation is effected. However, suppose all this accomplished; you rush gloomily along what in summer seems an endless green ditch, to the top of whose sides even it is vain to try to raise your eyes, much less can you hope to see the country through which you are passing, save when friendly undulations of the surface permit you a brief glance of the surrounding scenery, just by way of letting you see how much you lose for the sake of reaching your journey's end a few hours sooner. Or, if you chance to have some miles' uninterrupted prospect of wild, romantic beauty, depend upon it, right ahead a tunnel, two miles long, yawns to receive you; while the slackened pace at which you pass through its chill concavity affords you ample leisure to think over the possible result of any flaw or fracture in that slight brickwork which alone intervenes between you and the pressure of nobody knows what weight of superincumbent, and most picturesquely fir-clad hill; doomed to such desecration by a flinty-hearted engineer and directors, to whom all the natural beauty of the whole earth would weigh as nothing against three letters of the alphabet — *L. s. d.*; and who are equally reckless of the shock sustained by people of delicate nerves, on feeling themselves rapidly and irresistibly impelled towards a black orifice, which finds its fitting antitype in that opening by Heaven's gate into which Bunyan tells us poor *Ignorance* was thrust as a short-cut to the infernal regions. Not to mention minor inconveniences that, as it is said, may attend the transit; one of which, the transfer of black patches from the lips of grave, correct-looking gentlemen, to that of, if possible, still more demure, correct-looking ladies, would, were the case authenticated, legitimately bring these gigantic *boreds* within the range of the society for the reformation of manners.

How provoking, too, to be eagerly looking out for some interesting spot, some village, or neighborhood, perchance associated with family recollections, and dear to you as identified with those whom you hold dear, but which you have never seen — how inexpressibly provoking to approach, traverse the locality, and even leave it far behind, in one inexorable deep cutting, from the abyss of which you see about as much as from the bottom of a well! and *H——d* remains as much a mere name as ever.

There are none of those delightful breaks and changes that add to the interest of highway travelling. The entertainment of passing through strange towns, where, in idle mood, you note odd signs, and names and customs —



for every place has those peculiar to it. The variations of up-hill and down-dale; or even the diversion of a restive horse, which is surely better than unbroken monotony; affording, as it does, an unparalleled opportunity for man, woman or child, all the passengers, and as many ragamuffins as can be got together on so short a notice, severally and singly to issue as many and contradictory orders, advices, oburgations and lamentations, as the most unreasonable spirit may move them to; useless and impertinent in themselves, yet not without value on physiological ground; seeing how eminently they promote a free and vigorous circulation of the vital fluid, and a healthy action of the lungs—two important requisites for the well-being of the human frame. None of these chances and changes, not even a way-side purchase of tempting summer-fruit, however hot and dry (simple thirst does not express your condition) you may happen to be; but on—on—on you fuss from one shire to another, without taking in a single new idea. All that you gain is additional evidence in favor of your own original and boundless preference for animated, intelligent, quadrupedal flesh and blood, over dark, stern, soulless metal.

Yes, I do hate railway travelling; and not merely as a matter of taste *now*. An accident that befell me a few years ago, and that could only have happened upon a railway, has caused it to be associated in my mind with such painful feelings, as that I cannot even think of it without, in some degree, renewing suffering, which I would fain hope is without parallel in the experience of any whose eye may glance over this record of mine.

In the month of August, 18—, it was incumbent upon me to take a journey to a town at some distance from my own residence. Time being no object with me, and the country through which my route lay very beautiful, I resolved to take it in what was to me the most enjoyable way; but, after diligent inquiry for anything in the shape of a stage-coach, I found that her majesty's mail had ceased running the week before; so that "the rail" was my only chance of getting to the place of my destination. Whereupon I made a virtue of necessity; submitting, though with the worst grace in the world; for my habitual dislike to this mode of travelling was increased by one of those unaccountable fits of reluctance to taking the journey, which sometimes seizes one, and which is usually set down to the score of nervousness. So I tried to explain mine; which, as the time drew near, rose to a complete dread of it, to my no small annoyance, for I had a contempt for omens and presentiments; and zealously, but vainly, I tried to pooh! pooh! myself out of it.

The morning broke, dull, wet, oppressive, with apparently half a score of thunder-storms in reserve for my especial use; and at six o'clock I jumped up from an uneasy dream, in which I was struggling with some nondescript wild beast, to find I had only half an hour left to make my toilet and get to the station. Of course, everything went wrong; strings slipped into knots, buttons flew; never was there such confusion. I could not be quick, I was in such a hurry. Hastily swallowing a cup of tea (part of which, to crown my mishaps, went the wrong way), I ran off; and must own that, important as was my business, I felt half sorry, as I entered the booking-office, to find myself in time; for a secret hope had possessed me that I might prove too late; a hope that had expanded into certainty as I heard the hour at which I expected the train to start announced from half a dozen steeples ere I was half way to the station. I reached it: found the time had been altered; so got my ticket; "snapped" at the clerk who furnished it (this relieved me a little), and sprang into a carriage, which tempted me as containing only one occupant; and the huge mass slowly took its noisy way from under, acres surely, of glazed roof, and speedily left it behind.

The rain ceased as we got into the open country, a fine breeze sprang up, which blew away my fidgets, and I began internally to laugh at myself for having been such a fool; not forgetting to congratulate my better self on its having triumphed over the nervous fears that had beset me. It really became almost pleasant. A mail-train, so that I was secure from the plague of frequent stoppages, and their consequent fresh starts. An exhilarating atmosphere; the dark clouds, that had spoken of thunder when I rose, now betraying no such obstreperous intentions, but quietly taking themselves off as fast as they could. The weight on my spirits removed;—yes, I began to be susceptible of a modified sort of enjoyment; and, in the gayety of my heart, I told my fellow-traveller that it was a fine day; a remark to which he vouchsafed me no answer, save such might be called the turning on me a pair of eyes that looked vastly like live coals. They almost made me start; but I considered it was no business of mine: the gentleman's eyes were his own, and I doubted not that mine, owing to a short, sleepless night, were as much too dull as his were too bright; so I whisked my pocket-kерchief across them, by way of polishing them a little, took out a newspaper, sank into a cosy corner, and prepared to read or sleep, as the case may be. In the very drowsiest part of a long speech, I was just going off into the most luxurious slumber imaginable, when I was roused by the restlessness of

my companion; who, as I waked up thoroughly, seemed laboring under some strong and inexplicable excitement. He looked agitated, changed his seat frequently, moved his limbs impatiently, borrowed my paper, and in a trice returned it with some unintelligible observation; then peered anxiously out of the window, through which he thrust himself so far, as to induce me to volunteer a caution, which he received pleasantly, stared at the wheels, as though he were calculating their revolutions, and then resumed his seat.

His perturbation was manifest. I could not imagine what possessed the man; but at length, noticing the agitated manner with which he often glanced through the window, as though to see whether we were followed, I determined that he must be some gentlemanly rogue, to whom speedy flight was indispensable; and that his anxiety and excessive disturbance arose from fear of pursuit; a fear that to me seemed one of those vain ones peculiar to the wicked, for we were then nearly at the ultimatum of railway speed, and did not expect to stop before reaching our destination, still at a considerable distance. His whole manner and appearance confirmed this view of the case; I presumed his evil conscience had conjured up a "special engine" at our heels; and, after indulging in a few appropriate moral reflections (to myself of course), I resumed my paper.

The next minute he was opposite to me. I heard a light movement, raised my head—a strong knife, such as is used in pruning trees, was open in his hand; and, with eyes verily scintillating, his startling address, in a tone the coolness of which strangely contrasted with its import, was—"I am going to kill you!" The horrible truth flashed upon me at once; he was insane, and I *alone* with him, shut out from all possibility of human help! Terror gave me calmness; fixing my eye upon him, so as to command his movements, and perhaps control him, I answered quietly and firmly, "No, you are not." It was well I was prepared. That moment he sprang on me, and the death-struggle began. I grappled with him, and attempted to secure his right arm; while again and again, as I strained every nerve to accomplish this purpose, did that accursed blade glitter before my eyes; for my antagonist was my superior in muscle and weight, and armed in addition with the demoniacal strength of madness, now expressed in every lineament of his inflamed and distorted countenance. What a sight was that, not *super-human*, face! Loudly and hoarsely I called for help;—but we were rushing along thirty miles in the hour, and my cries were drowned amid the roar of wheels and steam. How horrible were my sensations! Cooped up thus, to be mangled and murdered by a madman, with

means of rescue within a few feet of me, and yet that help, that communication with my fellows that would have saved me, as utterly unattainable as though we were in a desert. I quivered, as turning aside thrust after thrust, dealt with exhaustless and frenzied violence, I doubted not that the next must find its way to my heart. My strength was rapidly failing; not so that of my murderer. I struggled desperately, as alone the fear of such a death could enable a man to do: and, my hands gashed and bleeding, at last wrenched the knife from his hold, and flung it through the window. Then I first seemed to breathe! But not yet was I safe. With redoubled rage he threw himself at my throat, crushing it as with iron fingers; and, as I felt his whole frame heave and labor with the violence of the attack, for one dreadful moment I gave up all for lost. But surely then some unseen power strengthened me. Half strangled, I flung the whole weight of my body upon him, got him down, and, planting my knee on his breast, by main strength held him, spite of his frantic efforts to writhe himself from under me. My hands were bitten and torn in his convulsive rage; but I felt it not—heeded it not—life was at stake, and hardly I fought for it. The bitterness of death was upon me, and awfully clear and distinct, in that mortal struggle, were the past and the future; the human, sinful past, and the dread, unknown, avenging, *eternal* future. How were the joys and sorrows of years compressed into that one backward glance; and how utterly insignificant did they appear as the light of life seemed fading from them! Fearfully calm and collected was my mind, while my body felt as though dissolving with the terrible strain to which all its powers were subjected. And yet, consumed as I was with mental and physical agony, I well remember my sensation of *bliss*, for such it was, when the cool breeze for a single moment blew upon my flushed and streaming brow, which felt as though at the mouth of a furnace!

But this could not last long. My limbs shook, and were fast relaxing their gripe, a mist swam before my eyes, my recollection wavered, when—thank Heaven! I became sensible of a diminution of our speed. Fresh strength inspired me. I dashed my prisoner down as he again attempted to free himself. Then the welcome sound of letting off the steam—the engine stopped, the door opened—and I was saved!

My companion was quickly secured, and presently identified as a lunatic who had escaped from confinement. To it he was again consigned; and I, from that day to this, have never entered a railway carriage with only *one* passenger in it!

Such is a simple recital of my adventure.

which I have not sought to heighten by any arts of narration. It is, indeed, utterly beyond my power to convey any adequate idea of that horrible encounter. Its most faithful transcript has been found in many a nightmare and fearful dream with which it has furnished the drear hours of night.\*

\* The above is no mere fiction. It occurred on one of the English railways some years ago, and the facts were communicated to a member of the writer's family by the gentleman whose life was thus strangely perilled. It, and another somewhat similar case, may perhaps induce others to

[The English cars are divided into separate spaces, each the size of one of the old coaches, with seats facing each other. It would never do to vary too much from old fashions for John Bull. He believes the draft of air in one of our long cars would blow him out of the window. If Aerial Navigation should be brought into use, we may depend upon it that, at first, the English vehicles will have wheels to them, to accustom John to the change gradually. — *Liv. Age.*]

avoid a railway journey with only one strange fellow-traveller.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM originated in 1753. The present splendid edifice was commenced in 1823, but is not yet finished. The most attracting part of the Museum is that department which contains a large collection of Grecian, Roman, Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities. The other departments consist of extensive collections in zoology, mineralogy and geology, and a library of four hundred and sixty thousand volumes. There is nothing that excited my curiosity more, in London, than these collections of antiquities. They are said to be the finest in Europe. They consist of sarcophagi, columns, statues, tablets of the dead, sepulchral urns, bass-reliefs — representing various scenes — mummies of men and various animals, and an innumerable number of small images. Various kinds of household furniture — such as jars, jugs, bowls, cups, lamps, buckets, tables, baskets, spoons, brushes and bags, made of pottery, porcelain, bronze, bone, horn, ivory, wood, palm leaves, papyrus and leather. Also, various instruments used by mechanics — wooden mallets, chisels, saws, knives, axes, adzes, hatchets, and nails of bronze and iron. Also weaving tools, musical instruments, girls' dolls and boys' balls, stuffed with palm leaves and covered with leather; sewing needles, of bronze; knitting needles, of wood; sewing thread, of linen; shoes, of wood and leather; linen clothes, of various sizes and shades, and of different texture; biscuit, supposed to have been of rye meal. These various things have been found in places where they have been protected for ages from the decaying effects of the atmosphere. Among the Egyptian statues the most noted is the colossal head of young Memnon. The statues that attract most attention from their size, are the two human-headed winged bulls, from Korsobad, and the human-headed bull and lion, from Nineveh. But those in which I felt the most interest, and dwelt upon the longest, were the busts of the great men, as they have been brought down from the ancient world. Among the Athenians are Demosthenes and Pericles; and Julius and Augustus Cæsar among the great men of Rome. There

is a strong probability of many of these being good likenesses of the original. Julius Cæsar has a long nose, thin cheeks, compressed lips, with an expression firm and somewhat sour; forehead narrower than usual, but well protruded; remarkable swell of the head immediately above the ears; ears very large at the upper end, and taper down very small; neck sinewy. To me, he looked like a mean man. Augustus Cæsar is decidedly pleasant, with less determination, but more nobleness, in his appearance. His forehead is broad, ears large and well shaped; rather fleshy. The bust of Nero is the one we would have picked out for him. Among other statues, we noticed a wooden one of some ancient Egyptian king, which is yet hard and sound. The marble statues brought from the Parthenon, at Athens, and known as the Elgin Marbles, are exceedingly interesting.

THERE are great differences of opinion respecting the healthiness or unhealthiness of the Australian climate; but I never inquired of any medical men whether there was much sickness, but always got for answer, "Yes, a good deal." Undertakers here also have no more cause of complaint than they have at Calcutta during a good cholera season. Asking any half-dozen people whether they liked the climate, three would say it was the most abominably hot, dusty place they ever put foot into; and the other three would have a different opinion, and delight in the hot weather, though they would abuse the dust (excepting gold). For my own part, I do not think it either particularly healthy or unhealthy; but, disliking excessive heat at any time, I would not wish to be compelled to live either in Victoria or New South Wales all my life. Had I only these two countries to choose between, I should give the preference to the latter; but would sooner be doomed to live in India than either, for certainly no place can possess fewer luxuries than Victoria. New South Wales is a little better; but to keep cool in hot weather is almost impossible, unless by adopting the numerous appliances as in India, where the same is accomplished. — *Read's Australia.*

From the Examiner, 13th Aug.

### LIEUTENANT MAURY.

A VOLUME of "Sailing Directions" conveys to an Englishman the idea of some "Sea Torch," full of bearings, distances, and soundings, or at best of a modernized version of Hamilton Moore's *Navigation*; but very different indeed is the work of Lieut. Maury, bearing the trite and unpretending title we have named. The intention of the book is to impart so much scientific information as to stimulate and qualify the reader to furnish materials serving as a basis for further discoveries. It shows, in a popular way, the present state of knowledge respecting winds, tides, currents; and it invites observations, the results to be drawn from which may improve and extend the knowledge now possessed. The book is admirably calculated to excite an intelligent curiosity, and to direct it to objects ministering to scientific information of the highest utility. The aim of it is to make the officers of ships observers and reporters upon nature. The principle on which the plan is founded is that every phenomenon has its significance, that every fact is a letter as it were in the great book of nature, to read which aught nothing must be omitted or neglected as valueless. "Lend me your eyes," says Lieutenant Maury to the thousands of intelligent voyagers. And he shows how the eyes are to be directed, and the method of recording their observations so as to make them minister to the purposes of science. All this is beautifully executed, and the book will be read almost with as much pleasure by landmen as with profit by seamen. It is indeed to be desired that it may be reprinted in a form more convenient and cheap than its present shape, a quarto, and so brought within the reach of the general reader.

The author is now amongst us, on his way to a naval congress in Belgium, and has explained his system to a meeting of merchants and ship-owners at Liverpool.

The plan upon which he was engaged was announced many years ago in the United States, and the object of it was to get from logbooks such observations as navigators in the usual routine of their duties at sea were accustomed to make—facts as to the direction of winds and currents—and present them on a chart in such a way that each navigator might have the benefit of the experience of all. In 1851 the British government instructed its minister in Washington to call the attention of the government of the United States to a plan of meteorological observations, devised by Captain James, of the Royal Navy, under the direction of Major General Burgoyne, for nineteen foreign stations, and asking the assistance of the United States in carrying out that system upon the land. Eventually, however, the British government receded from its original proposition as to its observations

on land, and accepted the American proposition as to the observations at sea. Lieut. Maury, alluding to the congress at Brussels, explained that the system of observations to be arranged there were to be made only on board men of war at sea. In the mean time, however, he had been authorized by the government of the United States to put foreign shipmasters upon the same footing as American with regard to these charts. It was a system of mutual obligation and benefit. The merchant captain at sea made his observations on the blank charts; these were taken at Washington and discussed, and, after the results had been properly calculated and marked down, each captain who cooperated was furnished with the charts illustrative of the navigation of those portions of the sea with respect to which he had contributed information. These observations required no more time than was usually given to the proper conduct of a vessel at sea. The latitude and longitude must be daily stated, and the duration and character of the winds for the three parts of the day. The thermometrical and barometrical observations, and such other remarks as navigators choose to make, must also be taken. In addition to the blank forms for keeping the abstract log, the captain was also furnished with a roll of sailing directions and a copy of the charts which related to his cruising ground, whether it might be across the Atlantic (north or south), the Pacific, the whaling grounds, or elsewhere. His object was to acquaint the merchants of Liverpool with these facts, and to enlist their cooperation. With regard to the charts themselves (specimens were suspended around the room), Lieut. Maury explained that one set represented the routes which vessels were accustomed to pursue across the ocean in the various months of the year, the direction and force of the wind for each day being designated by colors and symbols, so that the navigator might find at any time of the year the track of some vessel which had been before him. Another set of charts, smaller and more enigmatical, were made up of a system of circles. The ocean was divided into spaces five degrees square, five of latitude by five of longitude; and, through whatever square a vessel passed and reported the wind to blow in a certain direction, it was assumed to be blowing from that quarter at that instant all over the square. When the observations for each square were obtained, they were classed according to the months; and after they had got three or four, and perhaps in some instances as many as 1,800 observations on the same month of different years, but for the same square, they could calculate the averages and the prevailing direction of the winds in that square for that month. Thus the whole ocean was comprehended, and, having the advantage of the experience of others, a captain could sometimes judiciously turn out of his way and make a shorter passage, because he could see at once where he might expect certain winds. Having enumerated some of the great advantages in regard to the shortening of voyages which captains have already gained by following out these plans, Lieut. Maury stated that he was preparing a storm, rain, and fog chart, which he expected



would contain much curious and valuable information. He had no doubt that, by a proper advantage being taken of the winds and currents, first-class ships would make the passage from the United States, or England, to Australia and back, in 130 or 135 days, and occasionally in 120 or 125 days, under canvas alone. Lieut. Maury acknowledged the great service to navigation of the composite tables, published by Mr. Towsen, examiner to the Liverpool Local Marine Board.

Lieutenant Maury's system was the subject matter of a very able speech delivered some weeks ago by Lord Wrottesley in the House of Peers, and another noble lord afterwards adverted to it with a full sense of its value and importance. In answer to a question in the other House as to the extent to which our government would go in cooperation with the United States to give effect to the system of observations, Admiral Berkeley was understood to say that the Royal Navy were instructed to cooperate, but that there was so little reliance on the zeal or the competency of the masters of merchantmen, that it was not thought worth while to go to the expense of some 3,000*l.* to supply them with thermometers! This statement was what is vulgarly but expressively called "crying stinking fish;" for it argued a great inferiority in our merchant service to that of the United States, which has been found most useful in the prosecution of the inquiries in question. And why is it to be assumed that our officers of merchantmen are less able and less willing to lend their aids to scientific objects than the Americans? Why prejudice them? Why not try them? Tried they have been, and not found wanting to the extent to which their services were called for. The logs of merchantmen were found most useful to Colonel Reid in testing and confirming his circular theory of storms. And we have not a doubt, that if Maury's book were supplied to masters on the long voyage, the greater number of them would be heartily enlisted in the service of observation which it so lucidly and interestingly directs. It would furnish occupation for many an hour that would otherwise be listlessly and idly spent. As for the cost of the necessary instruments, it would be a cheap price for the trial of an experiment, the success of which would be so important.

Much has been done to improve the character of the merchant navy, and nothing can be so impolitic as well as unjust as to treat it as if it were fixed in a degrading inferiority, and not deserving of the confidence which our great rival can place in its commercial service. There is no better officer than Admiral Berkeley, but he has unfortunately the disposition of all naval officers to underrate and disparage the merchant service. Wisely indeed did Sir James Graham, upon a recent occasion, warn

Parliament against being guided by professional judgments upon questions concerning the rights and interests of the mercantile marine. That the Americans know better than to commit this fault may be inferred from the example of Lieutenant Maury, who, distinguished as he is in the service of the States, yet uses his abilities and attainments to raise every intelligent seafaring man to the rank of a servant of science. He supposes no indisposition, no incapacity; he assumes that every hand can be so directed as to bring home some truth to the general stock, and this is a faith which has a blessed faculty of self-realization. Credit has its moral virtue as well as its commercial conveniences.

From the Spectator.

#### THE GREEK AND THE TURK.\*

A VOLUME under this title, from the well-practised pen of Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, is the result of a brief visit to Constantinople, Greece, the Ionian Islands, and the coasts of Syria and Asia Minor. In form it is a series of disquisitions on the most important places visited, or the topics they suggest. These disquisitions have nothing of the commonplace character which often accompanies the descriptive or disquisitional essay. The descriptions are terse and vivid; the disquisitions exhibit the essence of classical learning, in conjunction with the highest modern philosophy, which looks at things as they really are, apart from scholastic, utilitarian, philanthropic, or conventional prejudices. In addition to these faculties, Mr. Crowe possesses a logical invention, which enables him to see undiscovered truths, as well as to judge of them. His style, though at times a little strained for effect, is close, weighty, and powerful. His subjects, for the most part bearing upon the great Eastern question of the day and always upon topics of contemporary importance, have to the reader an interest in themselves, irrespective of mere treatment. From all of the questions handled the reader will receive new views or new ideas, if he may not always agree with the conclusions of the author. On some topics Mr. Crowe's opinions rise to the enunciation of a principle.

The book opens with "The Mediterranean;" and, amid much graphic description and some political disquisition—as on Gibraltar—Mr. Crowe lays down that the importance of the Mediterranean in former times has passed away; the knowledge of the globe and the progress of the world have rendered the Ocean sea of far more consequence to commerce and

\* The Greek and the Turk; or Powers and Prospects in the Levant. By Eyre Evans Crowe. Published by Bentley.



progress than the Mid-earth sea, the nations on whose confines are in fact decaying. A truth, but not the whole truth; for the author himself admits that Constantinople and Syria are regions marked out by nature for empire and trade; while he overlooks the importance of the Mediterranean and Egypt as a passage to India. "Malta" has many topics; but the most important topic is the mischief worked by the affected and calculating bigotry of More O'Ferral — for Mr. Crowe does not allow him the sorry merit of sincerity. "Greece" abounds with graphic pictures of the country and its ruins, mingled with classical discussions, free from classical cant. The most important discussions about Greece are on the people, the placemen, and the Bavarian king; of which Mr. Crowe draws as dark a picture as possible, especially of the Greek ministers and monarch, and with hardly the relief of a ray of hope. The physical features, the natural productions, the social character, and political feelings of the Ionian Islands and their people, are discussed; the author acknowledging the error of some former prejudices against Sir Henry Ward and his vigorous mode of putting down the rebellion. He arrives at the conclusion that constitutional government is not possible in the Ionian Islands. As a matter of speculation, and with an eye to the future, he considers that we ought to have given Cephalonia and Crete, which the Turks cannot use, to the Greeks; though, unless we could change the nature of the Athenian court and people, it would seem of small use to have extended their dominions or to extend them now.

The Turks and the Turkish question are considered under a variety of heads — "Smyrna," "Constantinople," "Women," "Therapia," "Turkish Politics," "War," &c.; the titles suggesting extensive disquisitions, and in a temporary sense forming the most important feature of the book. Like some other modern writers, and probably like the subject itself, Mr. Crowe shows some incongruity in his views when they are compared with each other. He holds that the national spirit and power of the Turks have decayed; their very improvements in the milder virtues contributing to their decline, since their virtues were all barbarian. In his opinion of the evils springing from the Turkish estimate of women, and their domestic relations, he agrees with Mr. Bayle St. John, but enters into the subject more deeply and at greater length. That he agrees with the same writer, and with Urquhart, in their estimate of the latent strength still inherent in Turkey, seems evident; because he considers the best mode of restoring her character and powers would be a long war with Russia — which, if Turkey were certain of being crushed at once, would be an idle suggestion. From other passages it seems

as evident that he considers Turkey cannot of herself resist Russia; and his speculations turn towards the future of this question. He would like a Slavonian or even a Greek empire; but he doubts whether that would be practicable, especially with the alternatives of Russian intrigues or open military success. He suggests, as a barrier to Russia at Constantinople, a Greek or Slavonian empire, or a combination of independent states, and a Turkish barrier against the Russians in Asia Minor. If even this last cannot be, then let France and England divide Western Asia between them; France taking Asia Minor, and England "the protectorate" of Syria and Egypt. Amid this inconsistency, indicative of the difficulties of the case, Mr. Crowe is clear upon two points — that Russia will never give up her schemes of aggrandizement till they are beaten out of her by war; and that if the Western powers do not fight in the Bosphorus or Black Sea, they will by and by have to fight in the Channel.

There is with this, however, one idea that should never be lost sight of — one necessity, that must be recognized and prepared for; and this is, that Russia never will consent to the regeneration or independence of the races occupying Turkey in Europe until the Russians are vanquished in war. There may reign at St. Petersburg czars of more or less prudence or forbearance, and ministers more or less anxious to keep on terms with Europe. But there is a sentiment, and an inspiration, and a determination in the Russians, as a nation, which are stronger than any courtesy or backwardness of their emperor and statesmen. And these impel the Russians to the south-east of Europe, which contains the prize of empire, or to Constantinople, which seems to them what promises to be the first and paramount position in the universe. The Russians, we may feel confident, will never abandon this idea till it is well and effectually licked out of them.

This conquest of the old soil of Greece and Turkey implies not only an extension of empire from the White Sea to the Mediterranean and a predominance over the whole extent of Asia, but it implies and carries with it also a dictatorship over Europe, and the ascendancy of the brute portion of the globe over its advanced portion, hitherto intellectual and free. To shake off the yoke, to avoid that ascendancy and tyranny, there is, I regret to say, no reliance to be placed on pacific ideas or philosophic hopes. The freedom of the East and of the world from Russia must, I am confident, be fought for, be gained by the gun and the bayonet, by the leviathans of war, by the heroism which a great nation can inspire into its sons, and can demand of them, by the effusion of blood, the sacrifice of peaceful interests and prospects, progress and wealth.

It is not without regret, and it was not without reflection and thought, that I run counter to the Christian philosophy and philanthropic aims of numbers of wealthy and high-minded men, who

set peace in the front rank of human regenerators, and who at once and forever desire that all other considerations should be sacrificed to it. But, however I may share in the humane and noble hopes of the friends of peace, my judgment tells me that the fulfilment of such desires must be postponed until the natural limits of nations be more justly fixed, and until the more dominant and despotic of them have come to lay aside that armor of iron in which they have encased themselves, and which they seek to impose upon others. To preach peace to France, England, and Germany, whilst Russia and Austria are armed to the teeth, and show every determination to make use of the superiority of their arms to dictate to those who are less prepared, organized, or armed for war — this seems to be to sacrifice the great cause of power and of international adjustment, which we must one day arrive at, but which we can only attain by meeting the military genius and masses of the East of Europe with a force and determination coequal with them.

The theoretical worship of peace at all price, however, does not much influence the councils of either the sovereign or the nation. The deprecation of war, as a risk and an expense, prevails there; and I am far from denying or throwing even a sarcasm on the wisdom of this prudence. But, I fear, that in any council or discussion on the subject, we may lay it down as an axiom, that the great question of the East can never be solved, nor the great ambition of Russia resisted, without war — serious, actual, and flagrant war. I am far from saying that the present is the best or the imperative moment. The central countries of Europe may be in after times in a better condition for resistance, and England and France may again be as united as they are at present. It is idle for one of the uninformed to prejudice a question of which all the elements of information can only be known to cabinets. All I would express is a firm belief, that in circumstances and differences which merely employ diplomacy, and which give rise merely to military and naval demonstrations — in quarrels such as these Russia will always come off best, and that for many reasons; let one suffice, which is, that Russia can always know the length to which the forbearance of constitutional countries can go, and the limit within which she may advance without producing war. Russia will always advance to that limit, at the least; and she will thus bear away the honors of victory without the risk of combat.

We may depend upon it, that, in order to check Russia, the powers of Europe interested in the independence of the Levant must come to the alternative of war, or at all events be prepared, morally and physically, for it. Nothing but defeats by land and sea will ever keep the Russians out of Constantinople.

The great obstacle, not only to this mode of establishing a balance of power in the Levant, but also to any joint or efficient action against Russia, is that dread of France and its alliance which lurks in the bosoms of so many statesmen and influential men. If such unfortunate mistrust should lead us to alienate France, at the

same time that we remain semi-hostile to Russia, the result will be, first, our utter helplessness as an isolated power, and, secondly, the inevitable alliance of France and Russia at our expense, as well as at the expense of the liberties of Europe and the balance of the world.

The national and popular tendencies of England there are no mistaking at present; they go to amity with France — with France as a people and a nation — without showing regard, disgust, or predilection for her dynasties or governments. France, like ourselves, is too much occupied, and has too much to accomplish in her internal concerns and management, for her ever again to pretend to universal empire. Russia is the only power which meditates that, and which is enabled to meditate it by the ignorance and backwardness of her population, ready to follow a selfish and despotic ruler. The duty of liberal Europe is to resist Russian ascendancy, that menaces east and west; the development of commerce in the one, of freedom of idea and of independence in the other. If the powers of the west of Europe do not within the next ten years strike a decisive blow to arrest Russian ascendancy and encroachment, they will be attacked at home, and have to defend in the channel what they had not resolution to combat in the Bosphorus.

The facts, opinions, and speculations, relating to Greece, Turkey, and Russia, will naturally have the most interest for the politician. The volume abounds, besides, in matter of that more general kind which is appropriate to books of travel. Descriptions of scenery, traits of manners, illustrations of antiquity, facts pregnant with meaning as to modern life, together with speculations of a wider kind than temporary politics, continually occupy Mr. Crowe's pen. Here, in defiance of all we hear about the greater tolerance of the Turks, is a picture of Mahometan bigotry in the supposed stronghold of liberalism.

Very little experience will suffice to show the traveller the immense difficulties in the way of the most liberal Turkish minister to elevate the Christian to anything like even fair tolerance. Row up the Golden Horn to visit the old Christian quarter of the Fanar. You will find oppression and forced humiliation stamped upon every house. Even that of the patriarch, so powerful and so much talked of, is a dingy, diminutive prison — built of stone, indeed, for security, but craving pardon, by its air and its architecture of meanness, for daring to use so costly a material. The little church — the only church of the Christian within its walls — is equally begrimed, equally humble. The very population walk with a bowed expression. And this feeling of self-degradation, of which the European cannot divest himself in any part of Constantinople, becomes in the Fanar so painful, that one is obliged to rush out of it. In doing so, and emerging from the gates, you enter, unawares perhaps, the Turkish suburb of Eyoub, famous for the mosque in which all the descendants of Mahomet

gird them with the sword. If you dare approach that mosque, you will be stoned. You must sneak through the by-lanes around, and steal a furtive peep. Curiosity more indiscreet might cost you your life.

Yet in juxtaposition with this bigotry is an instance of toleration, or indifference, which perhaps no other European country could equal; a strange example of that inconsistency which meets the Eastern inquirer at every turn, unless he wilfully shuts his eyes to all but one class of proofs.

Close to Eyoub—to its all-holy mosque and sacred mausolea—there arises the symbol of quite another society and world. It is a factory, in which wool is carded, dyed, spun, and wove into fezzes or skull-caps for the Turkish service. It is a building such as one would see at Leeds or Manchester, situated at the end of the Golden Horn, between Eyoub and the Sweet Waters of Europe, which forms the daily promenade of the inmates of harems who are allowed to breathe the fresh air. One cannot imagine a more striking contrast to the scene and spot; either side of it redolent with Turkish life, or commemorative of Turkish death. English operatives chiefly are employed in this factory; which for their convenience keeps working on Friday, the Mahometan Sabbath, and stops work on Sunday, to suit the Christian workmen, although it is no day of rest with the Turks. This is really a great act of tolerance, by the side of the great sanctuary of intolerance—Eyoub.

It seems that Mr. Urquhart's story of the Russians being fed by what the Turkish soldiers threw away, during the joint occupation of Moldavia, is very probable. Mr. Crowe's picture of the new levies exhibits them as about the best-fed troops in the world.

I never have been more astonished than in visits to Turkish camps or Turkish men-of-war. As the recruits are mostly from the Asiatic provinces, one figures to himself the wild sons of the East with the ferocity of their native hordes about them. But, on the contrary, your Turkish soldier is, in general, a small, mild-looking, plump, good-natured fellow. He is well fed, and not rigidly looked after. He feeds well, and has plenty of pocket-money; a dollar a month, and his food and necessaries. And his rations are so abundant, that you are very apt to see hungry dervishes feeding on the pewter dish which the grand heroes of the tent have dined upon. Mingling with military groups, in company with those who understood the language, I always found the Turkish regular soldier a "bon enfant."

Here is a truth applicable to individuals as well as states, except probably in new colonies.

The fact is, that the age of adventure and fortune for small states is past. In old times they might beat all their neighbors, swallow

them up, and grow great by conquest, as was the case with ancient Rome; or, by outstripping their neighbors in manufactures, in trade, in natural skill, they might, like Tyre, or Athens, or Carthage, or Venice, or Holland, monopolize the profit of furnishing the world with luxuries, or giving them in exchange for the rude necessities of agriculture. The sphere of such activity for even large states is much diminished, but as for small countries they have no chance at all. Large empires now occupy the world, or at least the stage of the world's politics. Such countries as Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, may live, though small, on their past accumulations, activity, and resources. But a young state like Greece has no chance. Greeks have a taste for shipping, and are good sailors. But their own country has no produce, their own sea no fish, their coast no natural way of developing a marine. It was thought they would outlive other nations in the carrying trade. But with small capital, requiring large profit, necessity renders the skipper dishonest; and half-a-dozen cases of barratry are sufficient to outweigh all reasons of economy for employing Greek vessels in the way of transport.

But it will be said that the Greeks had a marine when they were subject to the Turks—why should they not make prosper as freemen what they so successfully commenced as slaves? Why, indeed! But, unfortunately, as slaves or rayahs they were the sailors and ship-owners of the Ottoman empire, which favored Hydra and Spezia especially, and in return for service gave them the valuable privileges which a great and despotic empire can bestow. Some say, ungratefully, but others more truly say, disinterestedly, the Hydriote and Greek sailors did not shrink from flinging to the winds their privileges, which were the source of exclusive wealth, and sacrificing them to patriotism. They overthrew Turkish supremacy at sea, destroyed its commerce and its fleets; but they cut off thereby the source of their own prosperity. They are no longer the sailors nor the carriers of the Ottoman empire; nay, they are scarcely so of even Greece. Not only do the cotton goods of Manchester reach Constantinople by steam, but I saw an English steamer off Patras ready to paddle off with its cargo of currants as soon as the Greek government had made up its mind as to the price.

The following account of Russian policy in relation to independent Greece is worth quoting, as a proof that the most cunning tyranny overreaches itself in some point.

To our amiable and well-informed German friend chance now added a Greek gentleman. He was of Hydra, a younger son, and had studied medicine. This is the only profession for the young Greek, always excepting commerce and the place-market. But your young commercial Greek, who goes to Paris, Hamburg, Manchester, or London, gets so disgusted with home that he stays abroad, and is lost to Greece. The young physician must return, but, unfortunately, not to the practice of a lucrative profession; his gains

never recompensing the outlay of his education. But these medical men, full of information, and polished by travel, are the most intellectual of the Greeks.

It appears to me that Russia has taken the wrong way to assimilate and elevate the Greeks. If Russia was more liberal—I mean, its autocratic government, for constitutional no one could yet expect it to be—but were it despotically liberal, admitting of liberal professions, and opening, even as the German monarchs do, its universities and employs to men of the same tongue and creed, Russia would attract to it all that is talented and intellectual in Greece. Instead of this, Russian narrowness and routine repudiate, except perhaps in the very highest class of employ, all foreigners, even the Greek and Solavonian element, as if its purpose was to remain Tartar, instead of being European. The Klephts, the men of the sword and of conquest, look, of course, to Russia; as also do the church, the diplomatists, and the least liberal of professional politicians; but the intellect of the Greek nation, wherever it is developed, or in whatever class, is decidedly anti-Russian—less owing to any antagonism of the race, than to the churlish and narrow spirit of the Russian régime.

Our companion, as a Hydriot, of course hated Russia, which on a memorable occasion lent its navy to crush the liberal party of the Greek islands. But he was far too intelligent to be biassed into a belief or into a declaration of what was the contrary of truth, by any prejudice whatever. And every evidence corroborated the justice of his answer to my question, as to which of the protecting powers was most popular in Greece.

"The sea-ports, the maritime and trading population of Greece and its islands, are all English," he said, "the mountaineers, Klephts, and inlanders, all Russian; the regal palace at Athens stands alone in its opinions, and remains Bavarian and French."

*The British Catalogue of Books published from October, 1837 to December, 1852; containing the date of publication, size, price, publisher's name, and edition. Compiled by Sampson Low. Vol. I. "General Alphabet." S. Low and Son.*

THIS very elaborate list of the works published in this country during the last fifteen years is so remarkably complete that we have called to mind no work so obscure as to have escaped the compiler's observation. It is the useful result of very great labor. It is a volume not only of much value and importance to every trading bookseller, and almost a necessary part of his machinery of business, but also most interesting and useful to the student or even the general reader. It is not a bald catalogue. It gives of every book not only the size, price, publisher's name and date of publication, but it gives also the exact month in which it was issued; and, in the case of books which went through several editions, it states the precise month of publication in each instance. Such a book will be referred to over and over again by future biogra-

phers. Out of it may be extracted many kinds of knowledge.

The present volume is complete in itself. Its contents will, however, be classified, and there will be added to the whole an index, in the volume which remains yet to be issued. The present book is a general alphabetical catalogue of modern English literature. The next and last volume will be a catalogue *raisonnée*, presenting the same substance in another very useful form. — *Examiner*.

THE first volume of an elaborate and painstaking work, indispensable to all who are practically concerned with books, or who even occasionally have to refer to their bibliography. Every new work, new edition, and book altered in size or price between 1837 and 1853, finds a place in this volume, with those very important additions, the size, the price, the date, and the publisher. The arrangement in this volume is alphabetical; the next volume, if we understand rightly, will exhibit the same materials classified. The present arrangement, as a general rule, places the work under the first letter of its title, unless the author's name is known, in which case that is generally the reference. These rules, however, are not strictly adhered to, and sometimes a book will be found under both heads: for instance, "Alice, or the Mysteries," stands alone and is also found under the head of "Lytton," to which the searcher is referred from "Bulwer." In a future case, it might be deserving of consideration whether this double exhibition might not be systematically carried out.

Besides the more obvious uses of the volume, it impresses the mind, through the eye, in various suggestive modes. When we look at the long list of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's works, the praise of unflagging industry and various effort must be awarded him. If we turn to "Arnold," or to "Hallam," we see by the number of editions, that solid merit is not unregarded or unrewarded, even in this age of superficial reading. In the case of "Disraeli, B." we also find variety of effort enough, and, by an exception in his favor, trace how early he must have begun to write—"England and France, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. Murray, 1820." We also read in the same list, on more than one occasion, the significant omen, "31s. 6d. reduced to 15s." — *Spectator*.

*Sketches and Characters; or the Natural History of the Human Intellects.* By James William Whitecross.

THE object of this book is to trace the influence of circumstances on the formation of mental character in men, or races of men—not overlooking animals, at least as an illustration; and to sketch the characters when formed. The design is not very perfectly adhered to, critically speaking; and the genius of Mr. Whitecross is hardly equal to the "height of his great argument." He has, however, produced a readable enough book, and not without interest, from the great number of anecdotes and notices of remarkable persons which it contains, as well as from his sketches and illustrations of character, national as well as individual. — *Spectator*.



## PART IX. — CHAPTER XLIII.

A short time after the loss of poor Julius, Bagot had gone to town without seeing Lady Lee in the interval. The night of his arrival he wrote a note to Seager, desiring that gentleman to come to him in the morning.

Seager came about ten o'clock to the lodgings occupied by Bagot, expecting to find him up and dressed. As he was not in the sitting-room, Seager proceeded up stairs to his bed-room. He was met at the head of the stairs by Wilson, the colonel's servant, who told him he feared his master was ill. "He had been talking queer," Wilson said, "very queer."

Seager entered the bed-room. The colonel was in bed, and did not look ill, but his friend observed that he cast a peculiar hurried, anxious glance at the door as he entered. He went up to him, shook hands, congratulated him on the late event, and then seated himself on the side of the bed.

"What makes you so late in bed?" asked Seager; "keeping it up late last night, eh?"

"No," said Bagot, "no. I want to get up — but how can I, you know, with these people in the room?" (casting a quick nervous glance towards a corner of the apartment.)

"Very odd," thought Seager, following the direction of the colonel's eyes, and seeing no one. "He has n't lost his wits, I hope. A little feverish, perhaps. I'm afraid you're out of sorts, Lee," he said. "You don't look well."

"Quite well," said Bagot; "never better. I'll get up in a minute, my good fellow, as soon as they're gone. Could n't you" — (in an under tone) — "could n't you get 'em to go?"

"Who?" inquired Seager, again following the glance the colonel cast towards the same part of the room.

"Who?" cried Bagot; "why, that tea-party there. They've been drinking tea the whole morning — two women and a man."

"By Jove, he's mad," thought Seager to himself — "mad as a March hare."

"I've asked 'em as civilly as I could to go away," said Bagot, "but they don't mind that. It's very curious, too, where they got the tea, for I don't take much of it. Fancy them coming to me for tea, eh?" said Bagot. "Absurd, you know."

"Why, 'tis rather a good joke," said Seager, affecting to laugh, but in great consternation. Since reading the accident to the poor little baronet in the papers, he had counted on Bagot as the source from whence all the funds required for the conduct of the coming trial (without mentioning other more immediate wants) were to be supplied. And here was the colonel evidently out of his mind —

unfit, perhaps, to transact even so simple a business as drawing money.

"Have you got much money in the house, Lee?" asked Seager presently.

"Money?" said Bagot, who seemed to answer some questions rationally enough; "no, I don't think I have; I'm going to draw some as soon as I've seen my lawyer."

"Just so," said Seager, "and the sooner the better. Where's your check-book? Just sign your name, and I'll fill it up. We must have some funds to carry on the war. The trial comes on the beginning of next month, and there's a great deal to be done beforehand."

"Ah, that cursed trial!" said the colonel, grinding his teeth; "but I've been thinking it over, Seager, and it's my belief that, if we bribe the crown lawyers high enough, we may get 'em to lay the indictment for *manslaughter*."

"*Manslaughter*!" repeated Seager to himself, as he took the check-book from Bagot's writing-desk. "O, by Jove, he's stark staring! Now, old fellow," he continued, coming to the bedside with the inkstand and check-book, "here you are. Just take the pen and write your name here. I'll fill it up afterwards."

Bagot took the pen, and tried to write his name as Seager directed; but his hand shook so that he could not, and, after an attempt or two, he threw the pen from him.

"Come, try once more, and I'll guide your hand," said Seager. But Bagot refused so testily that he did not press him.

"Do you know," said Seager presently, puzzled at Bagot's extraordinary demeanor, "I don't think you're half awake yet, Lee. You've been dreaming, have n't you?"

"Not a bit," said Bagot; "I did n't sleep a wink all night."

"I wonder if that's true?" thought Seager. "You don't see the tea-party now, do you?"

Bagot, as if suddenly recollecting them, looked quickly towards the corner where he had fancied them seated. "No," said he, with a kind of doubtful pleasure; "they're gone — gone, by Jove!" Then, raising himself on his elbow, he cast a searching glance all round the room, and at last behind his bed, when he started, and, falling back aghast on his pillow, muttered, "There they are behind the curtains, drinking tea as hard as ever; and they've got a little boy with 'em now."

"Ah," said Seager, humoring him, "what's the boy like?"

"I could only see his back," answered Bagot, in a whisper, "but I would n't look again for the world," (shuddering, and turning his face away.)



Seager now went to the door, and, calling Wilson, desired him to fetch a physician who lived in the street, to see his master.

The physician, a brisk man, of few years, considering his eminence, and who piqued himself on suiting his tone to that of his patients and their friends, soon arrived. He came in jauntily, asked Bagot how he was, heard all about the intrusive tea-party, felt his pulse, looked at him attentively, and then took Seager aside.

"The colonel, now, is n't the most abtemperous man in the world, is he?" he inquired, with a jocular air.

"No, by Gad," said Mr. Seager; "he's a pretty hard liver."

"Drinks pretty freely, eh? Wine! — brandy?"

"More than I should like to," replied Seager. "I've often told him he'd have to pull up some day."

"Ah, yes, he'll have to," said the other nodding. "He's got delirium tremens."

"Has he, by Jove?" exclaimed Seager — adding with an oath, "what a fool I was, that it never occurred to me, knowing him as I do!"

"The attack's just beginning now, and promises to be violent," said the doctor.

"What — you think 't will go hard with him, eh?"

The physician said, "perhaps it might; 't was impossible to say; however," he added, "you won't be long in suspense — a few days will settle the matter."

"Come, that's a comfort," said Seager, remembering how important it was that Bagot should be able to exert himself before the trial. "Poor devil!" he added, "what a pity — just come into a fine property!"

"Well, well, we'll try to keep him in possession," said the doctor. "I'll leave a prescription, and look in again shortly."

"By the by," said Seager, detaining him, "people who've got this complaint sometimes talk confounded stuff, don't they?" The doctor said they did.

"And let out secrets about their own affairs, and other people's?"

"Possibly they might," the doctor said — "their delusions were various, and often mixed strangely with truth. I've heard patients," he added, "in this state talk about private matters, and therefore it may be as well to let no strangers come about him, if you can avoid it."

Seager thought the advice good, and assured the doctor that he would look after him himself. Accordingly, he sent to his own lodgings for a supply of necessaries, and established himself as Bagot's attendant.

In this capacity Mr. Seager's energy and vigilant habit enabled him to act with great effect; in fact, if he had been the poor

colonel's warmly-attached brother, he could not have taken better care of him. He administered his medicine, which there was no difficulty in getting him to take, as it consisted principally of large doses of brandy; he held him down, with Wilson's assistance, in his violent fits, and humored the strange hallucinations which now began to crowd upon him thick and fast.

Some of these Mr. Seager found rather diverting, especially an attendant imp, which Bagot conceived was perpetually hovering about the bed, and in whose motions he took vast interest.

"Take care," said Bagot, starting up in bed on one occasion as Seager approached him; "mind, mind! you'll tread on him."

"Tread on what?" said Seager, looking down, deceived by the earnestness of the appeal.

"Why, the little devil — poor little fellow! don't hurt him. You've no idea how lively he is. I would n't have him injured," added Bagot tenderly, "on any account."

"Certainly not," said Seager; "not while he behaves himself. What's he like, eh?"

"He's about the size," returned Bagot, "of a printer's devil, or perhaps a little smaller; and, considering his inches, he's uncommonly active. He was half-way up the bedpost this morning at one spring."

All this nonsense, delivered with perfect earnestness and gravity, contrasted so oddly with the colonel's red nose and bristly, unshaven face, that it greatly amused Mr. Seager, and helped him to pass the time. By and by, however, both the tea-party and the imp disappeared, and their place was taken by spectres of more formidable stamp. In particular, there was a demon, disguised as a bailiff in top-boots, who was come, as Bagot firmly believed, to take his soul in execution, he having unfortunately lost it at chicken hazard to the enemy of mankind, which latter personage he paid Mr. Seager the compliment of taking him for.

It was now that Seager began to appreciate the soundness of the doctor's advice with respect to excluding strangers from the hearing of Bagot's delusions. He began to talk, sometimes pertinently, sometimes wildly, of the approaching trial, generally ending in absurd ravings; sometimes charging Seager with dreadful crimes, sometimes imagining himself the culprit. On the third day of his attack, Seager remarked that a showman figured largely in his discourse, and finding the patient in a tractable mood, he questioned him as to who this showman might be.

"I know," said the colonel, still taking Mr. Seager for the distinguished personage aforesaid — "I know it's of no use to try to keep anything a secret from you. But suppose now I tell you all about Holmes, will

you let me off what—what I lost, you know?"

"What was that?" asked Seager, forgetting the imaginary forfeit.

"Why the—the soul," said Bagot. "It's of no use to you, you know."

"O, ah, I'd forgotten that!" said Seager. "Pray, don't mention it; 't is n't of the least consequence. Yes, we'll cry quits about that."

Then, to his hearer's surprise, Bagot, apparently satisfied with the conditions, related all the particulars of his nocturnal interview with Mr. Holmes, comprising what had passed between them inside the caravan.

Seager listened in breathless astonishment. The delusion, if delusion there was in this instance, was the most plausible and coherent of any that had yet haunted Bagot. It had touched, too, on some previous suspicions in Seager's own mind, and he resolved, if Bagot recovered, to sound him on the subject.

Meantime he tried to lead him to talk more freely on the subject. But Bagot now began to wander, talked all kinds of nonsense, and ended, as usual, in violent ravings.

All this time the demon in top-boots and his brethren were in constant attendance. Never for a moment was Bagot free from the horror of their presence; and if all the frightful spectres of romance and superstition had been actually crowded round his bed, the poor colonel could not have suffered more than from the horrible phantasms that his imagination summoned to attend him.

It was beginning to be doubtful if he could hold out much longer under the disease; but on the third night he fell asleep, and woke the next morning in his right mind.

"Ah, he's pulled through this time," said the doctor, when he saw him. "All right, now; but he must n't resume his hard drinking, or he'll have another attack."

"I'll look after him myself," said Mr. Seager. "I'll lock up the brandy bottle, and put him on short allowance."

"Well, he ought to be very grateful to you, I'm sure," said the doctor, "for all your attention. Really, I never saw greater kindness, even among near relations." And the doctor having been paid, departed, perfectly convinced that Mr. Seager was one of the best fellows that ever breathed, and the sort of person to make any sacrifice to serve his friends.

"Now I'll tell you what it is, Lee," said Seager, when Bagot was on his legs again, and manifested a desire for his customary drams. "You must n't go on in your old way yet awhile. If you do, you'll go to the devil in no time."

"Never you mind, sir," said Bagot with dignity. "I presume I'm the best judge of what's good for me."

"You never made a greater mistake," returned Mr. Seager. "Just go and look in the glass, and see what your judgment of what's good for you has brought you to, you unfortunate old beggar. You look like a cocktail screw after the third heat, all puffing and trembling. I'll lay you a five-pound note you don't look me straight in the face for a minute together. Here's a sovereign, now—well, I'll put it between your lips, and if you can hold it there for fifty seconds, you shall have it, and, if not, you shall give me one. What d'ye say to that?"

"Sir," said Bagot, with his lips trembling, and his eyes rolling more than ever at these delicate allusions to his infirmities—"sir, you are disagreeably personal."

"Personal!" sneered Mr. Seager. "I wish you could hear the confounded rubbish you talked while in bed. I only wished I'd had a short-hand writer to take it down—all about the bailiffs, and devils, and so forth. And the showman, too—one Holmes. He struck me as a real character; and, if all you said was true, you must have had some queer dealings together."

As he spoke he fixed his green eye on Bagot, who started, cast one nervous glance at him, and then, in great agitation, rose and walked to the window, where Seager saw him wipe his forehead with his handkerchief.

Presently he looked stealthily over his shoulder, and, perceiving that Seager still eyed him, he affected to laugh. "Cursed nonsense I must have talked, I daresay," said he huskily. "O, cursed, you know, ha, ha!"

"But that about the showman Holmes did n't sound so absurd as the rest," said Seager. "It struck me as more like some real circumstances you were recollecting. Come, suppose you tell me all about it sensibly, now."

"No more of this, sir," said Bagot, waving the handkerchief he had been wiping his forehead with. "The subject is unpleasant. No man, I presume, likes to be reminded that he has been talking like a fool. We won't resume the subject now, or at any other time, if you please."

"Ah," said Seager to himself, on observing Bagot's agitation, "I was right—there was some truth in that. I must consider how to turn it into account."

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

In his new circumstances Bagot was, of course, a very different personage from the Colonel Lee known to tradesmen and money-lenders of old. There was no talk now of arresting him for small debts, no hesitation in complying with his orders. The Jews, bill-brokers, and other accommodating persons, who had lately been open-mouthed against him, now offered him unlimited credit, of

which he did not fail to avail himself. His creditor, Mr. Dubbley, seeing the very different position the colonel would now occupy at the Heronry, and alive to the impolicy of offending so important a neighbor, stopped all proceedings against him, and, with the most abject apologies and assurances of regard, entreated him to take his own leisure for the payment of the debt. Apparently satisfied with these advantages, the colonel showed no eagerness to take upon him either the dignity or the emoluments that had now devolved on him in the succession of inheritance.

The first lawyers in the kingdom were retained for him and Seager. A considerable sum was placed at the disposal of the latter, who was to employ it either in bribing that very important witness, Jim the groom, who had charge of Goshawk, to perjure himself, or in getting him to abscond. As he proved tractable, however, and agreed, for a sum which he named, to swear anything that the gentlemen might wish, it was resolved to produce him; and Seager was very sanguine of a favorable result.

In the mean time Bagot, anxious and gloomy, kept almost entirely in his lodgings, and seldom spoke to anybody except on business. He did not know what reports might be abroad about the coming trial; he did not know how his associates would look upon him; and he feared at present to put the matter to proof by going among them. This line of conduct Seager thought highly impolitic, and told him so. "Put a good face on the matter," he said. "Go down to the club—play billiards—go to the opera. If you go sneaking about with a hangdog face, as if you didn't dare show yourself, people will bring you in guilty before the trial, and the legal acquittal will hardly serve to set you right again."

So Bagot suffered himself to be persuaded, and went down to his club. Here he had been, in days of yore, a prominent character, and had enjoyed an extensive popularity among the members. He formed a sort of connecting link between the fogies and the youngsters; his experience allying him with the one class, his tastes and habits with the other. Here he might formerly often have been seen entertaining a knot of immoral old gentlemen with jokes improper for publication, or the centre of an admiring circle of fledglings of the sporting world, who revered him as an old bird of great experience and sagacity.

With doubtful and anxious feelings, he now revisited the scene of his former glory. Putting on as composed a face as possible, he went up-stairs and entered the library. There were several people in it whom he knew. One well-known man-about-town, with whom the colonel was rather intimate, was seated

opposite the door reading a newspaper, and, as Bagot could have sworn, fixed his eye on him as he entered, but it was instantaneously dropped on the paper. Another member—an old gentleman who was strongly suspected of a happy knack of turning up honors at critical movements of the game of whist—looked round at his entrance, and the colonel advanced to greet him, in perfect confidence that he, at any rate, was not a likely person to cast the first stone at him; but Bagot was mistaken. The old gentleman shifted his chair so as to place his back towards Bagot, with a loud snort of virtuous indignation, and, leaning forward, whispered to a neighbor some hurried words, of which Bagot could distinguish—"Deuced bad taste!—don't you think so?"

Crimson with rage and shame, Bagot bent down over a newspaper to recover himself, and fumbled with trembling hands at his eyeglasses. He heard a step behind him presently, but he dared not look up.

"Lee, my boy, how are you?" said a stout, hearty man about fifty, slapping the colonel on the shoulder. "I've just come back from a tour, and the first thing I saw in the paper was about you—about your"—the stout gentleman stopped to sneeze, which he did four times, with terrible convulsions of face and figure, during which Bagot was in horrible suspense, while every ear in the room was pricked up—"about your good fortune," said the stout old gentleman, after he had blown and wiped his sonorous nose as carefully as if it were some delicate musical instrument that he was going to put by in its case. "I congratulate you with all my heart. Fine property, I'm told. Just wait while I ring the bell, and we'll have a chat together."

He went to the bell and rung it; but, on his way back to Bagot, he was stopped by a friend who had entered the library with him, and who now drew him aside. Bagot stole a glance over his paper at them. He felt they were talking about him. He heard his stout friend say—"God bless me! who would have thought it!" and he perceived that, instead of rejoicing him, according to promise, he took a chair at the further end of the room.

Bagot still kept his own seat a little while, but he could not long endure his position. He fancied every one was looking at him, though, when, with this impression strong on him, he glared defiance around, every eye was averted. He wished—he only wished—that some one would offer him some gross tangible insult, that he might relieve himself by an out-burst—that he might hurl his scorn and defiance at them and the whole world.

No one, however, seemed likely to oblige him with an opportunity of this kind, and, after a minute or two, Bagot rose, and, with

as much composure as he could command, quitted the room and the house. As he walked—in no happy frame of mind with himself, with the world, or with Seager, whose advice had entailed upon him this mortification—towards his lodgings, along one of the small streets near St. James', he saw some one wave his hand to him, in a friendly manner, from the opposite side of the way. Bagot was too short-sighted to recognize this acquaintance; but, seeing him prepare to cross the road to him, and reflecting that he could not afford to drop any acquaintances just then, when all seemed deserting him, he stopped to see who it was.

Mr. Jack Sharpe, the person who now drew near, had been intended for the church, but happening to be fast in everything except in his progress in the different branches of university learning, in which he was particularly slow, he never arrived at the dignity of orders. He had formerly moved in the same circle as Bagot, but had lost his footing there, in consequence of strong suspicions of dishonorable conduct on the turf. These seemed the more likely to be just, as he had never sought to rebut the charge against him; and it was rumored that, since the occurrence, he had allied himself—taking, at the same time, no great precautions for secrecy—with a certain swindling confederacy. Therefore Bagot had, when last in town, in all the might and majesty of conscious integrity, avoided Mr. Jack Sharpe, sternly repelled all his attempts to renew their acquaintance, and returned his greetings, when they chanced to meet, with the most chilling and formal bows. Sharpe appeared to think that late circumstances had bridged over the gulf between them, for he not only saluted Bagot with unwonted familiarity, but took his hand. The colonel disengaged it, and, intrenching himself behind his dignity, endeavored to pass on. Jack Sharpe, nothing daunted, walked cheerfully beside him.

"Well, colonel, how goes the trial?" asked Mr. Sharpe, who had managed, notwithstanding his downfall, to preserve the appearance and manners of a gentleman. "You'll get a verdict, I hope."

The colonel inclined his head stiffly.

"Well, I hope so," said Jack Sharpe. "It was a deuced clever thing, from what I hear of it, and deserves success; and my opinion of the cleverness of the thing will be exactly the same, whether you and Seager get an acquittal or not." And Mr. Sharpe looked as if he expected to find Bagot highly gratified by his approbation.

"Do you presume, for a moment, to insinuate a doubt of my innocence of the charge?" asked Bagot sternly.

"O, certainly not," returned Jack Sharpe, with a laugh. "Quite right to carry it high,

colonel. Nothing like putting a good face on it."

"Sir," said Bagot, increasing his pace, "your remarks are offensive."

"I did n't mean them to be so," answered the other. "But you're quite right to carry it off this way. You've come into a good property, I hear, and that will keep you fair with the world, however this trial, or a dozen other such, might go. Some people have the devil's own luck. Yes, colonel, you'll pull through it—you'll never fall among thieves. It's only the *poor* devils," added Jack Sharpe bitterly, "that get pitched into and kicked into outer darkness."

Bagot was perfectly livid. By this time they had reached a corner of the street, and, stopping short, the colonel said—

"Oblige me by saying which way your road lies."

"Well, well, good morning, colonel. I'm not offended, for, I daresay, I should do the same myself in your place. Politic, colonel, politic! I wish you good luck and good morning." And Mr. Jack Sharpe took himself off.

This encounter grated on Bagot's feelings more than any other incident that had occurred to him. To be hailed familiarly as a comrade by a swindler—to be prejudged as one who had forfeited his position in society, and was to retain it only on new and accidental grounds—this sunk deep, and shook that confidence of success which he had hitherto never permitted himself to question.

Just afterwards he met Seager, who came gayly up to ask him how he had got on at the club. Bagot told him something of the unpleasant treatment he had met with, and the disgust and annoyance it had caused him to feel. Seager grinned.

"You're not hard enough, Lee—you think too much of these things. Now, I'm as hard as a nail. I meet with exactly the same treatment as you do, but what do I care for it! It doesn't hurt me—they can't put me down," and Seager smiled at the thought of his own superiority. "What would you do, I wonder, if a thing which just now happened to me were to happen to you? I was looking on at a billiard match, and Crossley, (you know Crossley!) who had been, like the rest of 'em, deuced distant and cool to me, offered to bet on the game. I took him up—he declined. 'O, you back out, do you?' says I. 'Not at all,' says Crossley; 'but I don't bet with everybody.' Now, what would you have done?"

"I should have desired him to apologize instantly," said the colonel.

"He'd have refused."

"I'd have kicked him," said the colonel.

"'T would have caused a row, and we're



quite conspicuous enough already," said Seager. "No; I turned coolly to him, and says I, 'Very good; as we're going to close our accounts, I'll thank you for that ten-pound note I won from you on the Phoebe match.' Crossley, you know, is poor and proud, and he looked cursedly disgusted and cut up at this exposure of his shortcomings. I'll bet, he wishes he'd been civil now. You must take these things coolly. Never mind how they look at you; go back to the club, now, and brave it out—show 'em you don't care for 'em."

"No," muttered Bagot, "I'd die first. I'll go out no more till 'tis over."

In this resolution he shut himself up in his lodgings, only going out in the dusk to walk in such thoroughfares as were not likely to be frequented by any of his acquaintances. Never had a week passed so dismally with him as this. His nerves were yet unstrung by his late attack, and his anxiety was augmented as the day of the trial approached, until he wondered how he could endure it. In spite of his efforts, his thoughts were impelled into tracks the most repugnant to him. The remembrance of his reception by the members of his club haunted him incessantly, though it was what most of all he wished to forget; for Bagot, being, as we have seen him, a weak-principled man of social habits, though he had found no difficulty in quieting his own conscience, was keenly alive to the horrors of disgrace.

He felt as he remembered to have often felt when a great race was approaching, which was to make or mar him—only the interest now was more painfully strong than ever before. There was an event of some sort in store—why could he not divine it?—ah, if he were only as wise now as he would be this day week, what anxiety would be saved him! He only dared contemplate the possibility of one result—an acquittal. That would lift the weight from his breast and reopen life to him. But a conviction!—that he dared not think of—for that contingency he made no provision.

During this week Harry Noble had come up from the Heronry on some business connected with the stable there, in which the colonel had been interested; and Bagot, conceiving he might be useful in matters in which he did not choose to trust his own servant Wilson, had desired him to remain in town for the present. This Seager was glad of, for he knew Harry was to be trusted, and he told him in a few words the nature of the predicament the colonel was in.

"You must have an eye to him," said Seager; "don't let him drink much, if you can help it; and if it should be necessary for him to make a trip to France for a time, you must go with him."

"I'll go with him to the world's end, Mr. Seager," said Harry. He was much attached to the colonel, having known him since the time when Noble, as a boy, entered the Heronry stables; and though he had then, like the other stable-boys, found Bagot very severe and exacting, yet, having once proved himself a careful and trustworthy servant and excellent groom, the colonel had honored him since with a good deal of his confidence.

Harry had the more readily agreed to this since, when leaving the Heronry, he had parted in great wrath from Miss Fillett, who had found time in the midst of her religious zeal to harrow up Noble's soul with fresh jealousies, and to flirt demurely, but effectually, with many brethren who frequented the same chapel.

The day before the trial Seager came, and Bagot prevailed on him to stay and dine, and play *écarté*. Seager was sanguine of the result of the trial, which was to commence on the morrow, in the Court of Queen's Bench—spoke in assured terms of the excellence of their case, their counsel, and their witnesses; and, telling him to keep up his spirits, wished him good night, promising to bring him back the earliest intelligence of how the day had gone.

The colonel's eagerness for, and terror of, the result had now worked him into a state of agitation little short of frenzy. The trial was expected to last two days, but the first would probably show him how the case was likely to terminate. Both Bagot and Seager preferred forfeiting their recognizances to surrendering to take their trial, which would have shut out all hope of escape in the event of an adverse verdict.

Finding it impossible to sit still while in this state, the colonel started for a long walk, resolving to return at the hour at which Seager might be expected. Arriving a few minutes later than he intended, he went up-stairs to his sitting-room, but started back on seeing a person whom he did not recognize there. His first impression was, that it was a man come to arrest him.

His visitor, on seeing his consternation, gave a loud laugh. It was Mr. Seager.

"Gad, Lee," said that worthy, "*it must be well done, if it takes you in. I was in court all day, and sat next a couple of our set, but they had n't an idea who I was.*"

Mr. Seager was certainly well disguised, and it was no wonder the colonel had not recognized him. Low on his forehead came a black wig, and whiskers of the same met under his chin. He had a mustache also; his coat was blue, his waistcoat gorgeous, with two or three chains, evidently plated, meandering over it, and his trousers were of a large and brilliant check. In his elaborate



shirt-front appeared several studs, like little watches, and his neck was enveloped in a black satin stock with gold flowers and a great pin.

"What d'ye think, Lee — don't I look the nobby Israelite, eh?"

Bagot shortly admitted the excellence of his disguise, and then asked, "What news! — is it over?"

"Only the prosecution — that's finished," returned the metamorphosed Seager.

"Well," said Bagot breathlessly, "and how — how did it go?"

"Sit down," said Seager; "give me a cigar, and I'll tell you all about it."

Nothing could be more strongly contrasted than the anxiety of Bagot with the composure of Seager. No one would have imagined them to be both equally concerned in the proceedings that the latter now proceeded to relate; while Bagot glared at him, gnawing his nails and breathing hard.

"The court," said Seager, throwing himself back in the chair after he had lit his cigar, with his hands in his trousers' pockets, and his feet stretched to the fire — "the court was crowded. Sloperton's counsel opened the ball by giving a sketch of the whole affair — little personal histories of you and me and Sloperton, the sort of things that might be prefixed to our poetical works after we're dead — you know the style of thing, Lee, birth, parentage, breeding, so forth. Then came out Sloperton's meeting with us at the Bush at Doddington — the adjournment to Oates' room — the broiled bones, cards, and betting, and the terms of the wager with Sloperton."

"Our friend Sloper was the first witness, and had got himself up a most awful swell, as you may suppose, on such a grand occasion, and there was n't a young lady in court who did n't sympathize with him. I could see by his way of giving evidence he was as vindictive as the devil. Our fellows went at him, but they didn't damage his evidence much. He told about the bet — how, by your advice, he had sent to me to offer to compromise it — and how he had perfectly depended all was fair till he heard the mare was lame. Oates followed, and corroborated the whole story. Then came one of the vets who attended the mare, and he swore, in his opinion, she'd got navicular disease. Then came a new actor" (Bagot listened more eagerly than ever), "one Mr. Chick, who saw us return to the stable that morning we gave Goshawk the trial; and he swore the mare was lame then."

Bagot drew a long breath, and fell back in his chair.

"Against all this," Seager went on, "we've got to-morrow the evidence of Jim, who'll swear the mare never was lame while

in his charge, and of the other vet, who'll swear she was, and is, sound. So cheer up, old boy; it may go all right yet. Never say die."

Seager paused, and looked at Bagot, who had covered his face with his hands. Both were silent for a space.

"By the by," said Seager presently, in an indifferent tone, yet eying Bagot with a keenness that showed his interest in the question — "by the by, where's Lady Lee now?"

Bagot did not answer, and Seager repeated the question.

"What's Lady Lee to you, sir?" said Bagot, removing his hands from his face, the color of which was very livid.

"O, nothing particular; but she might be something to you, you know, in case of the business going against us to-morrow. You said she had left the Heronry, did n't you?"

Bagot did not reply.

"It's no use blinking, the matter," said Seager testily. "Things may go against us to-morrow, in which case I'm off, and so are you, I suppose. I've made all my arrangements; but I think we had better take different roads, and appoint a place to meet on the continent. But I'm short of money for a long trip, and, of course, you'll accommodate me. We row in the same boat, you know. Come, what will you come down with?"

"Not a penny," said Bagot in a low, thick voice.

"Eh! what?" said Seager, looking up at him.

"Not a penny," said Bagot, raising his voice. "You devil," he cried, starting from his chair, "don't you know you've ruined me!" and, seizing the astonished Seager by the throat, he shook him violently.

"You cursed old lunatic!" cried Seager, as soon as he had struggled himself free from Bagot's grasp. "You're mad, you old fool! Only raise a finger again, and I'll brain you with the poker. What d'ye mean, ha? We must talk about this, and you shall apologize, or give me satisfaction."

"What, an affair of honor, eh?" sneered Bagot between his ground teeth. "Between two gentlemen! That sounds better than convicted swindlers. Curse you," he added, in a hoarse whisper, "you've been my destruction."

"He's dangerous," thought Seager, as he looked at him. "Come, Lee," said he, "listen to reason; lend me a supply, and we'll say no more about this queer behavior. I know you've been drinking."

"You have my answer, sir," said Bagot. "Not a penny, I repeat. I wish you may starve — rot in a jail."

Seager looked at him keenly for a minute, "He's been at the brandy bottle," he thought. "Well, let him drink himself mad or dead, if he likes. But, no!—that won't do either—he may be useful yet. The old fool!" he muttered as he departed, "he does n't know how far he has let me into his secrets. Well, he'll change his notes, perhaps;" so saying, he left the room and the house.

## CHAPTER XLV.

Disguised as before, Seager went to Westminster next day, to hear the conclusion of the trial. The court was, as on the previous day, crowded to excess, and Seager recognized a great number of his and Bagot's acquaintances among the spectators.

The counsel for the defendants made an able address to the jury. The prosecutor, he said, had tried to win Seager's money, as Seager had tried to win his; and, nettled at finding he had made a rash bet, he now brought the action. The defendants were men of reputation, who had been engaged in many betting transactions before, and always without blemish or suspicion. There was no proof that the mare was unfit for the feat she had been backed to perform; and, if she had attempted it, she could have done it with ease.

After calling several witnesses to speak to minor points, the other veterinary surgeon who had attended the mare was put in the box. He swore the mare's lameness was trifling and temporary; that he had seen her trot, and believed her certain to win such a match as the one in question; and that he had not detected in her any trace of navicular disease.

This witness having sustained a severe cross examination unshaken, Mr. Seager began to breathe more freely. The last witness was Jim the groom. Jim, though very compliant in respect of any evidence he might be required to give, had obstinately insisted on payment beforehand. It was to no purpose Seager had promised him the money the instant he should come out of court; the cautious Jim was inflexible till the stipulated sum was put in his hands.

Seager watched him as he was being sworn with the greatest attention; but Jim's was not an expressive countenance, and nothing was to be read there. But Mr. Seager detected treachery in his manner the moment the examination began. Without attempting to repeat the lesson he had been taught, he prevaricated so much that the counsel for the defendants, finding he was more likely to damage than to assist his clients, abruptly sat down. In the cross-examination he suffered (though with some appearance of unwillingness) the whole truth to be elicited; admitted

the mare's lameness—remembered the colonel and his master trying her, and finding her lame—(an incident he had been especially desired to erase from his memory)—and also remembered to have heard them talk about "navicular." He also recollected that Seager cautioned him to keep the circumstance very quiet.

Seager sat grinding his teeth with rage. He had forgotten the incident of the horse-whipping which he had administered to Jim, though the latter had not, and was therefore at a loss to account for his treachery. Jim's revenge happening to coincide with his duty, he had no sooner pocketed the reward for his intended perjury, than he resolved to pursue the paths of rectitude, and to speak the truth.

Just at this time Seager caught sight of one he knew standing very near him, and listening as eagerly as himself. This was Harry Noble, who had been there also on the previous day, and who, firmly convinced that his master was wrongfully accused, had heard the evidence of the groom Jim with high indignation, and was now burning to defy that perjured slanderer to abide the ordeal of single combat. Seager, writing a few words on a slip of paper, made his way up to Harry, and pulled his sleeve. Noble turned round and stared at him, without any sign of recognition.

"Look another way," said Seager, "and listen. 'Tis me—and I want you to run with this note to the colonel."

"What! are you Mr. Sea—?" began Harry; but Seager squeezed his arm.

"Hush!" he said. "I don't want to be known; and don't mention to anybody but the colonel that you've seen me. Take this note to him; he'll start for France as soon as he gets it, and you must get him away with all the speed you can. Don't delay a minute."

Noble nodded and quitted the court. He got a cab, and went with all speed to Bagot's lodgings, and, telling the cabman to wait, immediately ran up stairs with the note. The colonel, who was pacing the room, snatched it eagerly, read it, and let it fall, sinking back into a chair quite collapsed. "It's all over," he muttered.

Noble stood near, looking at him in respectful silence for a minute or two. At length he ventured to say, "Shall I begin to pack up, sir? Mr. Seager said we must be quick."

"Don't name him!" thundered Bagot, starting from his chair. "Curse him! I could tear him!"

"I'll never believe 't was you as did the trick, sir," said Noble. "No more won't anybody else; though, as for Mr. Seager, I could n't say. Shall I begin to pack up, sir?" he repeated.

"Do what you please," returned his master in fierce abstraction.

Noble, thus empowered, entered the bedroom, and began to stow Bagot's clothes away in his portmanteau. Presently he came to the door of the apartment, where the colonel had again sunk down in his chair. Bagot was now face to face with the event he had so dreaded; no subterfuge could keep it off any longer — no side-look rid him of its presence. He would, in a few hours, be a convicted, as he was already a disgraced, man. The averted looks — the whispers — the cold stares of former friends, that had lately driven him almost mad, were now to be his for life. Life! would he bear it! It had no further hope, promise, or charm for him, and he was resolved to be rid of it and dishonor together.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Noble at length, seeing that Bagot took no notice of him. "Perhaps you'd wish to let my lady know where we're gone, sir?"

Bagot started, and seemed to think for a minute. As soon as Noble, after delivering his suggestion, had vanished, the colonel drew his chair to the table, and began to write, while Harry, in the next room, went on with the packing.

He finished his letter, directed and sealed it, and laid it down, muttering, "Thank God there's one act of justice done!" Then he went to a cupboard in the apartment, filled a large glass of brandy, and drank it off. "Now," he muttered, "one moment's firmness! no delay! Leave that room," he called out to Noble, as he went towards the bedroom — "there's something I wish to pack up myself."

Noble accordingly came out. As he passed the colonel, he noticed a wildness in his expression. Before entering the bedroom the colonel turned and said, "Let that letter be sent to-day," pointing to the one he had just written, "and you can go down stairs for the present," he added.

Noble's suspicions were aroused. Having got as far as the door, he pretended to shut himself out, and came softly back. Listening for a moment, he heard Bagot open some sort of case that creaked. Presently he peeped in — Bagot was in the very act of fumbling, with trembling hands, at the lock of a pistol. He was just raising it towards his head when Noble, with a shout, rushed in and caught his arm.

"Don't ye, sir, don't ye, for God's sake!" he said, as Bagot turned his face with a bewildered stare towards him. "Give it to me, sir."

"Leave me, sir," said Bagot, still looking wildly at him — "leave me to wipe out my dishonor." He struggled for a moment to retain the pistol, but Noble wrested it from him, took off the cap, and returned it to its case. The colonel sunk down moaning on

the bed, and covered his face with his hands.

Noble hastily fastened the portmanteau and carpet-bag, and called to Wilson to help to take them down to the cab in which he had come, and which waited at the door.

"Now, sir," he whispered to Bagot, "don't take on so — we shall be safe to-night. You won't think of doing yourself a mischief, sir, will you? don't ye, sir!"

He took him gently by the arm. The poor colonel, with his nerves all unstrung, rose mechanically, and stood like a child while Noble put on his hat and wiped his face, which was moist with sweat and tears; then he followed him down stairs unresistingly. Noble whispered to Wilson, at the door, that he and the colonel were going away for a time, and that there was a letter on the table to be sent that night to the post. Then he put the colonel and the baggage into the cab, mounted himself to the box, and they drove off, Harry frequently turning to look at his master through the front glass.

Meantime Seager sat hearing the close of the defence. The judge summed up, leaving it to the jury to say whether the defendants knew of the mare's unfitness to perform her engagement at the time they persuaded the plaintiff to pay a sum in compromise. The jury, after a short deliberation, found them both guilty of fraud and conspiracy.

There was some technical objection put in by the defendants' counsel; but this being overruled, the judge proceeded to pass sentence. He was grieved to find men of the defendants' position in society in such a discreditable situation. No one who had heard the evidence could doubt they had conspired to defraud the prosecutor of his money. He did not know whether he was justified in refraining from inflicting the highest punishment allotted to their offence, but, perhaps, the ends of justice might be answered by the lesser penalty. The sentence was, that the defendants should be imprisoned for two years.

Seager, seeing how the case was latterly going, was quite prepared for this. Just waiting to hear the close of the judge's address, he got out of court with all possible speed.

He went to his lodgings, changed his dress, and hurried to Bagot's. There he met Wilson with a letter in his hand which he was about to take to the post. Seager glanced at the direction, and then, averting his eye, "That's for Lady Lee," he said — "from the colonel, is it not?" Wilson said it was.

"Ah," said Seager, "I just met him, and he asked me to call for it — he wants to add something he forgot, before 't is posted. Give it me."

Wilson, supposing it was all right, gave it to him. Mr. Seager, chuckling over the dexterity with which he had obtained the letter, and thus more than accomplished the design of his visit to Bagot's lodgings, which was to get Lady Lee's address, drove off to his own lodgings, reassumed his disguise, and went straight to the station.

Entering the railway office, he shrunk aside into a corner till the train should be ready to start—he wished to leave as few traces as possible behind him. He was quite unencumbered with baggage, having taken the precaution to send that on to Dover to await him there under a feigned name. As he stood aside in the shade a man passed and looked narrowly at him. Seager thought he recognized his face; again he passed, and Seager this time knew him for a police sergeant in plain clothes. He was rather alarmed, yet he was a little reassured by considering that his disguise was a safe one. But he reflected that it might have caused him to be taken for some other culprit, and it would be as awkward to be arrested as the wrong man, as in his own character.

The last moment before the starting of the train was at hand, and Seager, as the police sergeant turned upon his walk, darted stealthily to the check-taker's box and demanded a ticket, not for Frewenham, but for the station beyond it—for his habitual craft did not fail him. Having secured it, he hastened on to the platform and took his place.

At the moment he took his ticket, the sergeant, missing him, turned and saw him. Instantly he went to the box and asked where that last gentleman took his ticket for, and, on being told, took one for the same place. The bell had rung, and he hastened out, but he was too late. The train was already in motion; the last object he caught sight of was Seager's head thrust out of one of the carriages; and the baffled policeman turned back to wait for the next train.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

Fane had spent some time in diligent pursuit of Onslow; at first with no great promise of success, but latterly with some certainty of being upon his track. Just, however, as his hopes of securing him were strongest, he had received a letter, which had been following him for some time from town to town, summoning him to attend the sick-bed of his uncle, who had been attacked with sudden and dangerous illness.

Of course he set off at once, as in duty bound; but he was surprised and ashamed, knowing the obligations he lay under to his relative, to notice how little anxiety and pain the news occasioned him. Fane was very honest in analyzing his own emotions, and on the present occasion laid more blame to the

account of his own nature, which he accused of unsympathizing callousness, than it by any means deserved. He would have done as much to serve a friend, and was capable of as warm attachment, as most people, but his feelings required a congenial nature to call them forth. He was not one of those who wear their hearts on their sleeve for any daw to peck at, and had none of that incontinence of affability which insures a man so many acquaintances and so few friends. Had he been Lear's eldest son, he would, to a certainty, have been disinherited, along with Cordelia, in favor of those gay deceivers, Goneril and Regan.

Now, Mr. Levitt his uncle, though naturally amiable, was an undemonstrative character, full of good impulses which terribly embarrassed him. He would read a poem or romance with the keenest enjoyment, yet with affected contempt, turning up his nose and screwing down the corners of his mouth, while his eyes were watering and his heart beating. He would offer two fingers to a parting friend, nod good-by to him slightly, and turn away, feeling as if a shadow had come upon his world. He had been used to write to his nephews in the spirit of a Roman or Spartan uncle, giving them stern advice, and sending them the most liberal remittances, in the most ungracious manner—throwing checks at their heads, as it were—while all the time he was yearning for their presence. In fact, he was so ashamed of his best points, and so anxious to conceal them, that the rigid mask wherewith he hid his virtues had become habitual, and he was a very sheep in wolf's clothing.

Those, however, who had known him long, rated him at his true value. Fane found the household in great grief. Miss Betsey, an ancient housekeeper, distinguished principally by strong fidelity to the family interests, a passion for gin-and-water, and a most extraordinary cap, wrung her hands with great decorum; and Mr. Payne the banker, Orelia's father, at the first news of his old friend's illness, had left a great money transaction unfinished to rush to his bedside, where Fane found him on his arrival. Indeed, it was from him he had received intelligence of his uncle's illness.

Mr. Payne's temperament had suffered foul wrong when they made him a banker. He had naturally an intense dislike to matters of calculation, his bent being towards *belles lettres*, foreign travel, and the like pleasant paths. Somehow or other he had got rich, and flourished in spite of his want of talent for money-making. His worldly pursuits, perhaps, made his tastes keener, for he fell upon all manner of light reading with wonderful zest after a busy day at the bank. As for his taste for travelling, it was whispered

among his acquaintances that its development was not so much owing to an erratic and inquiring spirit, as to the fact that in the second Mrs. Payne he had caught a Tartar, and availed himself of any plausible excuse to escape from her domestic tyranny. Orelia, coming home from school one vacation, and finding her stepmother in full exercise of authority, not only, as a matter of course, rebelled herself, but tried to stir up her father to join in the mutiny. Finding him averse to open war, she proclaimed her intention forthwith of quitting the paternal mansion, and living in the house which had become hers by the death of her godmother, as before related; and Mr. Payne, coming down on Saturdays after the bank was closed, would spend one-half of his weekly visit in lamenting the ill-temper of his spouse, and the other in his favorite studies.

Fane found his uncle slowly recovering from the effects of the attack which had prostrated him, and by no means secure from a relapse. Mr. Levitt caught the sound of his step on the stair, and recognized it; and Mr. Payne, seated by the bedside, saw the invalid glance eagerly at the door. Nevertheless, he received his nephew almost coldly, though the latter testified warm interest in his state.

"You've been some time finding me out, Durham," said his uncle, after shortly answering his inquiries. "I'm afraid you've been summoned to this uninteresting scene from some more agreeable pursuit."

"It was an important one, at any rate, sir," returned Fane; "yet even that did not prevent me hastening hither the moment Mr. Payne's letter reached me. I only got it this morning."

"An important one, hey, Durham!" said Mr. Levitt, with the cynical air under which he was accustomed to veil his interest in his nephew's proceedings. "We may judge of its importance, Payne, by his hurrying away from it to look after the ailments of a stupid old fellow like me. Some nonsense, I'll be bound."

Mr. Payne, a bald benevolent man of fifty, in spectacles, came round the bed to shake Fane's hand.

"Without the pleasure of knowing the captain, I'll answer for his holding you in due consideration," said Mr. Payne. "And your uncle knows that, too; he's only joking," he said to Fane.

"Well, but the important business, Durham!" said the invalid, as Fane seated himself beside his pillow.

Fane, remembering that his cousin's was a prohibited name, and fearing the effect it might produce, attempted to laugh off the inquiry.

"Love!" said Mr. Levitt, with another

cynical glance at Mr. Payne, who had resumed his station at the other side of the bed. "A charmer for fifty pounds; why, I grow quite curious—don't you, Payne? It's exactly what you suggested as the cause of his delay. Come, let's hear about her—begin with the eyes—that's the rule, is n't it?"

"Wrong, sir, quite wrong," said Fane, with another disclaiming laugh.

"Poor, bashful fellow!" persisted his uncle.

"But we won't spare his blushes, Payne. And how far did you pursue the nymph, Durham!—and why did she fly you? Is she at length propitious? I hope so! You know my wishes."

"There's no lady in the case, sir, I assure you," said Fane earnestly.

"Ah! it's always the way with your sensitive lovers," pursued his questioner, addressing Mr. Payne. "They're as shy of the subject which occupies their thoughts as if they did n't like it. Come, if you're afraid to speak out before my friend Payne (though I'm sure you need n't be—he's discretion itself), he'll go away, I dare say. What is she like! and when is it to be?"

"When is what to be, sir?" asked Fane, trying to humor the old gentleman, but getting impatient, nevertheless.

"Why, the wedding of course. Seriously, Durham, I'm all impatience. Your last letter seemed to point at something of the kind; and it was written long enough ago to have settled half-a-dozen love affairs since. I'm more earnest than ever on the subject, now that my admonitions seem likely to be cut short; and this matrimony question may affect the dispositions of my will, Durham."

"Consider it settled then, I beg, sir," said Fane seriously. "I shall never marry."

"I shall be sorry to find you serious, Durham. A bachelor's life is but a dreary one. Just look at the difference between me and my friend Payne—he is rosy and happy, and, if he were lying here, he would have quite a family meeting assembled round him—while I should be alone, but for a nephew who has no great reason to care about me, and a friend whose good-nature brings him to see what may, perhaps, be the last of an old acquaintance. My opinions on the subject I've so often spoken to you of, have n't changed, you see, in the least—and perhaps I shall act upon them."

"As you please, sir," said Fane. "I speak my deliberate thought when I say I don't intend to marry."

Here Miss Betsey tapped at the door to say that Mr. Durham's supper was ready.

"Go down with him, Payne," said Mr. Levitt. "I'll go on with this story here—a silly thing; but sick people must n't be too critical."



"An excellent novel!" exclaimed Mr. Payne — "full of feeling."

"Ay, ay, well enough for that kind of trumpery," said the invalid, who was secretly burning to know how the hero and heroine were to be brought together through such a sea of difficulties; and his friend and his nephew, after making a few arrangements for his comfort, went down stairs together.

Fane dismissed the servant who waited at table. He wished to open what he intended to be, and what proved, a very interesting conversation.

"You're a very old friend of my uncle's, Mr. Payne," he said. "I've so often heard him speak of you, that I seem almost familiar with you, though this is our first meeting."

"A school friendship," said Mr. Payne; "and it has continued unbroken ever since."

"I will tell you," said Fane, "what the pursuit was I was really engaged in, and you will perceive I could not mention it to my uncle. The fact is, I believe I was on the point of discovering my cousin Langley."

Mr. Payne dropped his knife and fork, and leant back in his chair. "You don't say so!" cried he. "Poor Langley — poor, poor Langley!"

Fane told the grounds he had for suspecting Langley and the ex-dragoon Onslow to be one and the same person.

"Following some faint traces," said Fane, "I reached a town where, exposed for sale in a shop window, I saw some drawings which I recognized for his. You know his gift that way."

"Ay, a first-rate draughtsman, poor fellow," said Mr. Payne.

"He had sold these for a trifle, far below their value, and, as I found, had left the town only the day before. I therefore felt secure of him when your letter diverted me from the pursuit."

"Poor Langley!" repeated the sympathetic Mr. Payne. "Such a clever fellow! Draw, sir! he had the making of half-a-dozen academicians in him — and ride! — but you've seen him ride, of course. And such an actor! — nothing like him off the London boards, and not many on them equal to him, in my opinion. And to end that way, I don't know if I should like to see him again."

"You can perhaps enlighten me on a point I've long been curious about," said Fane. "I mean the real cause of my uncle's displeasure towards him — the extravagance attributed to Langley does n't sufficiently account for it."

"No," said Mr. Payne, "your uncle would have forgiven that readily enough. He pretended, as his way is, to be angrier at it than he was. But the real cause of estrangement was more serious.

"Your uncle, finding, by his frequent applications for money, that accounts which had reached him of Langley's gambling were but too true, at length replied to a request for a hundred pounds by enclosing a check to that amount, at the same time saying it was the last he must expect, and expressing his displeasure very harshly. The check was brought to our bank the next day, and it was not till after it had been cashed that it was suspected that the original amount, both in words and figures, had been altered. Four hundred pounds it now stood, and that sum had been paid on it. The 1 had easily been made into a 4, and the words altered to correspond — neatly enough, but not so like your uncle's as to pass with a close scrutiny. While we were examining it, your uncle came in, his anxiety on Langley's account having brought him to town. He took the check, looked at it, and then drew me aside. 'Tis forged,' said he; 'mine was for a hundred: but not a word of this, Payne — let it pass as regular — tell the clerks 'tis all right.' This was a terrible blow to him. From that day to this we have heard nothing of Langley, nor does your uncle ever mention his name; and no one but an intimate friend like me would guess how much he felt the dishonor."

"But Langley must have known 't would be discovered immediately," said Fane, who listened with deep attention.

"Ay — but meantime his end was answered. The money was paid, and he doubtless calculated that your uncle would rather lose the sum than suffer the disgrace of exposure — and he was right."

"I can't believe him guilty," said Fane.

"He must have been severely tempted, poor boy," said Mr. Payne — "always so open and upright; but there can, I'm afraid, be no doubt of his guilt. Consider, he has never showed his face since."

Fane thought for a minute or two. "No," he said — "no, not guilty, I hope and believe. No guilty man could have borne himself as he has done since. But there is now more reason than ever for resuming my search for him. Yes, yes — I must see and question him myself."

"Where do you believe him to be?" asked Mr. Payne.

"I traced him to Frewenham, in — shire," answered Fane.

"Frewenham! God bless me! Why, my daughter's place, Larches, is close to that. I'm going down there in a day or two to see Orelia."

"Orelia!" exclaimed Fane; "then Miss Payne is your daughter."

"O, you have met, then, perhaps?" said Mr. Payne, with interest; "where and when?"

"At the Heronry," said Fane. "My troop

is at Doddington, the town nearest to where Miss Payne was staying."

"O, ho! this is fortunate," said Mr. Payne. "As soon as your uncle gets better, we will go down together to Frawenham. My friend Levitt," he resumed presently, "is, I see, much disappointed to find his surmises as to your matrimonial prospects incorrect. He had set his heart on their fulfilment; and some expressions of admiration for some lady, in a late letter of yours, prepared him to expect something of the kind."

Fane colored deeply. He remembered, indeed, that, writing to his uncle one evening, after a delightful afternoon passed with Lady Lee, he had suffered his admiration to overflow in expressions which, though they seemed to him slight compared with the merits of the subject, were yet, perhaps, sufficiently warm to warrant his uncle's inferences. It was some comfort to remember that he had not mentioned her name in this premature effusion.

"My uncle seems to have quite a monomania on the subject of my becoming a Benedict," he said presently, by way of breaking an awkward silence. "His doctrine would have seemed more consistent had he inculcated it by example as well as by precept. One does n't often see a more determined bachelor."

"A love affair was the turning-point of your uncle's life," said Mr. Payne. "He knows and feels that a different, and how much happier man he might have been, but for an early disappointment, and that makes him so desirous to see you comfortably established."

"Now, do you know," said Fane, "I can't, by any effort of imagination, fancy my uncle in love. His proposals, if he ever reached that point, must have been conveyed in an epigram."

"Your uncle is a good deal changed, in every respect, within the last few years, especially since that sad business of poor Langley," said Mr. Payne; "but I scarcely recognize in him now my old (or rather, I should say, my young) friend Levitt. However, you may take my word for it, Captain Durham, that your uncle knew what it was, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be desperately in love. He seemed, too, to be progressing favorably with the object of his affections, till a gay young captain in the Guards turned her head with his attentions—Captain, afterwards Colonel Lee."

"What! Bagot?" said Fane.

"Ah, you know him, then," said Mr. Payne; "then you also know it was no great alleviation to your uncle's disappointment to find a man like Colonel Lee preferred to him. Lee, it seems, had no serious intentions, and

jilted her—and your uncle disdained to renew his suit."

This account seemed to Fane to throw a good deal of light upon parts of his uncle's character which he had hitherto been unable to fathom.

"Yes," resumed Mr. Payne, "yes; your uncle is a great advocate for marriage, and certainly 'tis all very well in its way, though, perhaps," he added dubiously, in an under tone, to himself—"perhaps it may be done once too often."

Here Mr. Payne left Durham while he went up stairs to visit his sick friend, and presently returned to say he had found him asleep, and thought he had better not be disturbed again. Shortly afterwards, finding Durham more disposed to ruminate over what he had heard than to converse, he bid him good night, and went to bed.

Fane's meditations were interrupted by Miss Betsey, who came in, not altogether free from an odor of gin-and-water, to express her gratification at seeing him well. Miss Betsey was a thin old lady, with an unsteady eye, and a nose streaked with little veins, like a schoolboy's marble. She wore on her head the most wonderful structure, in the shape of a cap, ever seen. It was a kind of tower of muslin, consisting of several stories ornamented with ribbons, and was fastened under her chin with a broad band like a helmet. Her aged arms protruded through her sleeves, which were tight as far as the elbow, and sloped out wider till they terminated half-way to her wrist, where a pair of black mittens commenced.

"Your dear uncle's been bad, indeed," said Miss Betsey, taking a pinch of snuff. "I a'most thought we should have lost him, Mr. Durham; but he's better now, poor dear. But there's no knowing what might happen yet," said Miss Betsey, shaking her head; "and I've had a thought concerning you, and him, and another, Mr. Durham." Here Miss Betsey closed her snuff-box—which was round, black, and shining, and held about a quarter of a pound of princeps' mixture—and, putting it in her ample pocket, laid the hand not occupied with snuff on Fane's shoulder with amiable frankness, which gin-and-water generates in old ladies. "Mr. Durham, your dear uncle's never forgot your cousin, Master Langley—and 't would be a grievous thing if he was to leave us" (a mild form of hinting at Mr. Levitt's decease) "without forgiving him. Could n't you put in a word, Mr. Durham, for your dear cousin!"

"The very thing I intend, Miss Betsey," returned Fane, "as soon as it can be done effectually."

"Ah, Mr. Durham," the old lady went on,

waxing more confidential, "your dear uncle's fond of you, and well he may be, but you're not to him what Master Langley was;—no," repeated the old lady, shaking her forefinger, and looking sideways at him, "not what Master Langley was; and your dear uncle's never been the same man since that poor dear boy left us."

"You seem to be quite as fond of him as my uncle ever could have been, Miss Betsey," Fane remarked.

"Fond!" said Miss Betsey, "who was n't! He had that coaxing way with him that he could"—she completed the sentence by flourishing her forefinger in the air, as if turning an imaginary person round it. "Everybody was fond of him;—the maids (the pretty ones in particular) was a'most too fond of him—so much so, that it rather interfered with their work."

Fane's smile at this proof of his cousin's irresistibility called forth a playful tap on the shoulder from the old virgin, who presently afterwards dived down into her pocket for her snuff-box, and, screwing off the lid, which creaked like the axle of a stage wagon, stimulated her reminiscences with a pinch.

"Well-a-day! your uncle's never been the same man since. You don't know, perhaps" (whispering in a tone that fanned Fane's cheek with a zephyr combined of gin-and-water and princes' mixture), "that he keeps Master Langley's room locked up the same as the poor boy last left it, do you! There now, I said so," giving him a gentle slap on the back, and retreating a pace, as he answered in the negative; "for all you lived here weeks together, on and off, you never knew that. Come with me," added the old lady; "I've got the key, and we'll go in there together."

Fane willingly followed her, taking deep interest in all fragments of his cousin's history. Arriving at the door of a room looking out on the lawn, Miss Betsey stopped, and, after some protracted fumbling at the keyhole, opened it. "Once or twice, when he thought nobody was watching him, I've seen your uncle coming out of this door with tears in his blessed eyes," said she, as she entered, preceding him with the candle.

The rooms were, as Miss Betsey had said, just as their former occupant had left them. The pieces of a fishing-rod, with their bag lying beside them, were scattered on the table, together with hackles, colored worsteds, peacocks' herls, and other materials for fly-making. An open book was on the window-seat, and an unfinished sketch in oils stood on an easel.

"There," said Miss Betsey, holding the candle up to a painting over the mantelpiece, "there you see the dear fellow taking a leap that none of the others would face. Your uncle

was so proud of that deed that he got it painted, as you see—and a pretty penny it cost him. There were other likenesses of him here, but your uncle put 'em all away before you came from Indy."

Fane approached to look at the picture, which set at rest any uncertainty that might remain as to his cousin's identity with the rough-riding corporal. There was the same handsome face, only younger, and without the mustache. The same gay air and easy seat that distinguished the dragoon Onslow on horseback appeared in the sportsman there represented, who rode a gallant bay at a formidable brook, with a rail on the further side. The work was highly artistic, being the production of a famous animal-painter.

At this stage of the proceedings Miss Betsey's feelings seemed to overpower her. She wept copiously, and even hiccupped with emotion; and, setting the candle on the table, abruptly retired.

Fane lingered round the room, looking at the backs of the books, and turning over portfolios of drawings, which would, of themselves, have identified the hand that produced them with Onslow's, as exhibited in the sketch-book of Orelia. Among these was a colored drawing of his uncle—a good likeness—and another of the artist himself. Fane, looking at the bold, frank lineaments, internally pronounced it impossible that their possessor could have been guilty of the mean and criminal action imputed to him. He pictured to himself, and contrasted his cousin's condition before he lost his uncle's favor, with his life as a soldier, and decided it to be contrary to experience that any one could, under such a startling change of circumstances, have behaved so well, had he been conscious of guilt.

After some time spent in these and similar meditations, suggested by the objects around him, he went out and locked the door. Passing the house-keeper's room, he went in to leave the key. Miss Betsey appeared to have been soothing her emotions with more gin-and-water, for she sat still in her elbow-chair, with her wonderful structure of cap falling over one eye, in a manner that rather impaired her dignity, while she winked the remaining one at him with a somewhat imbecile smile.

"Come, Miss Betsey," said Fane, "let me see you to bed."

Miss Betsey rose, and taking his offered arm, they proceeded slowly along the passage together. "By Jove," thought Fane, "if those youngsters, Bruce and Oates, could see me now, what a story they'd make of it!"

"You must make haste and get a wife, Mr. Durham," said Miss Betsey, whose thoughts seemed to be taking a tender hue—"though, to be sure, you're not such a one for the ladies as Mr. Langley was"—and here the old lady

commenced the relation of an anecdote, in which a certain house-maid, whom she stigmatized as a hussy, bore a prominent part, but which we will not rescue from the obscurity in which her somewhat indistinct utterance veiled it.

Fane opened the old lady's bedroom door, and, putting the candle on the table, left her, not without a misgiving that she might possibly set fire to her cap, and consequently to the ceiling. This fear impressed him so much that he went back and removed it from

her head, and with it a row of magnificent brown curls, which formed its basis, and depositing the edifice, not without wonder, on the drawers, he wished her good-night, and retreated; but, hearing her door open when he had got half-way along the passage, he looked back, and saw Miss Betsey's head, deprived of the meretricious advantages of hair, gauze, and ribbon, protruded shiningly into the passage, as she smiled, with the utmost blandness, a supplementary good-night.

THE conclusions as to present emigration which Mr. Read comes to are sound enough. The only persons really wanted in the colony, and who are consequently certain to do well, are laborers, or men in whose work strength is conjoined with skill—as blacksmiths, masons, carpenters. A capitalist with from 1000*l.* to 5000*l.* may also succeed, provided he is acquainted with business, and rather "wide awake." All other classes had better stop away.

From the paucity of lodgings and food at Melbourne, large families are an incumbrance, unless they are those of "navvies" or Irishmen, who have been used to live anyhow. Workmen accustomed, as Bacon expresses it, to use the finger rather than the arm, will be worse off than at home. Shopmen, clerks, professional men, genteel adventurers, and all those persons whose vocations are "light" or sedentary, will starve unless they take menial situations or turn shepherds; and situations of the two last classes are not always to be procured. Talent is useless; there is no call for it. We should, however, be inclined to except the *practical* architect or engineer; though, of course, the demand, should there be any, would be very limited in respect to numbers. — *Read's Australia.*

PASSAGE IN BISHOP HORSLEY. — In the Introduction to *Utrum Horum*, a rather curious work by Henry Care, being a comparison of the Thirty-nine Articles with the doctrines of Presbyterians on the one hand, and the tenets of the Church of Rome on the other, is an extract from Dr. Hake-will's *Answer* (1616) to Dr. Carrier, "an apostate to Popery." In it occurs the following passage: "And so, through Calvin's sides, you strike at the throat and heart of our religion." Will you allow me to ask if a similar expression is not used by Bishop Horsley in some one of his Charges? S. S. S.

[The following passage occurs in the bishop's charge to the clergy of St. Asaph in 1806, p. 26: "Take especial care, before you aim your shafts at Calvinism, that you know what is Calvinism, and what is not; that in that mass of doctrine, which it is of late become the fashion to abuse under the name of Calvinism, you can distinguish with certainty that part of it which is nothing better than Calvinism, and that which belongs to our common Christianity, and the general faith of the Reformed Churches; *lest, when you mean only to fall foul of Calvinism, you should unwarily attack something more sacred and of higher origin.*" ] — *Notes and Queries.*

CEDAR TREE IN CALIFORNIA. — There is a cedar tree growing in the mountains of Calaveras county, California, about twenty miles north-east of Murphy's, which is said to be the largest tree in the world. A correspondent of the *Sonora Herald*, who recently made an excursion to see it, thus describes it:—

"At the ground its circumference was 92 feet; four feet above that it was 88, and ten feet above that it was 61 feet in circumference; and after that the tapering of the shaft was very gradual. Its height, as measured by Capt. H., is 300 feet, but we make it but 285. This tree is by no means a deformity, as most trees with large trunks are. It is throughout one of perfect symmetry, while its enormous proportions inspire the beholder with emotions of awe and sublimity. Elegance and beauty are inseparable concomitants of its grandeur.

"I have said that this is the largest tree yet discovered in the world. It is so. The celebrated tree of Fremont would have to grow many centuries before it could pretend to be called anything but a younger brother. It is said that a tree was once found in Senegal, in Africa, whose trunk measured 90 feet in circumference. But no one has ever been able to find it since its first discovery. It is called by the natives *Baobab*; by botanists, *Adansonia Digitata*, but it is admitted that none can now be found with a circumference greater than 81 feet. There is a tree in Mexico, called the *Taxodium*, which is said to be 117 feet in circumference, but some have said that it is formed by the union of several trees. The height of all these foreign trees is not more, in any case, than 70 feet; and none of the trunks are more than ten feet.

"The age of this mammoth cedar of California, if each zone may be reckoned one year, is about 2520 years. A section of the wood which I brought home with me, exclusive of the sap, which is but little more than one inch thick, numbers about 14 zones or grains to the inch. At that rate, if it were permitted to grow, it would increase its diameter one seventh of an inch every year. In 84 years its diameter would be increased one foot; in 840 years 10 feet—so that it would then be 40 feet in diameter, and 120 feet in circumference.

"This giant of the woods and of the world is to be flayed literally. The patriotic process has already commenced. We understand that the bark, which at the base is about 14 inches thick, is to be taken off in sections to the height of 50 feet, and sent to the World's Fair in the city of New York."

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE EMBROIDERED GLOVES.

In that beautiful suburb of the city of Bath called Bathwick, there is a stately and curious old building, over the *façade* of which the word "Villa" is carved in the stone. It is situated some distance from the streets, and stands in the midst of a verdant wilderness of patchy gardens and high hedges of quickset, hawthorn and alder. On the western side of it the Avon flows, and the narrow green lanes, which twist and twine round it, form a labyrinth as if it were intended for the centre of a "puzzle."

In the latter part of the last century this was a favorite place of public resort for the inhabitants and visitants of the city. The glory of Bath was then at its height. For a long series of years successive kings and queens had come to drink the health-restoring waters of her mineral springs; the world of fashion flocked thither for a portion of each year; and the notabilities of politics and letters rendered the place illustrious by making it their chosen scene of recreation. The last century hardly produced a single English memoir, or yielded materials of biography to be produced in this, in which the city of Bath, its fashionable company, its imperious rules of etiquette, its hot waters, its floating sayings and *bon-mots*, its palatial streets and crescents, its hills and vales—do not make a pretty considerable figure. The Bathwick Villa was then the centre of a charming pleasure-ground—the Gardens, as it was called—set out with pavilions, fountains and statues, in that prim and classic style which characterized first-rate places of entertainment at the period; and here, during the summer months, the votaries of fashion and pleasure were wont to congregate for society and enjoyment. The fine old house is now little better than a ruin; but you may trace in its curiously-ornamental construction, in its ground-floor of tessellated marble, in its wide and handsome staircases, some reminiscences of its olden grandeur. Time plays queer tricks with the fine places of the world. The Villa is now divided and subdivided, and is inhabited by a number of poor families; and the Gardens are cut up into the batch of lanes and allotments spoken of above. It is not surprising that many a story and snatch of romance should be current in connection with a place which, for a long series of years, was the constant resort of fashion, in whose train the idle, the dissipated, and the gay, always move. The greater portion of these are idle tales, well enough to hear when you are on the spot, but hardly worth remembering or repeating. The following, however, will perhaps be deemed sufficiently singular to warrant its being written down.

A grand gala was announced to take place

at the Villa Gardens on the 10th of July, 1786, on which occasion several then famous Italian musicians were to perform under the leadership of the celebrated Rauzzini, of whom Christopher Anstey, Horace Walpole, and Fanny Burney, have made frequent mention; after which there were to be fireworks and a fancy ball. The weather was delightful, the entertainment was one of great attraction, the prestige of the Villa Gardens was at its height, and, in consequence, an unusually large and brilliant company flocked to the place. The house and grounds were illuminated with great taste: myriads of many-colored lamps were festooned from tree to tree; the trim-gravelled walks, the pavilions, alcoves, fountains, and statues, were bathed in a fairy light; and the beaux, belles, dons and duennas of Bath clustered and rustled over the glittering scene like the people of an enchanted land.

Among the people of mark in the city at this time were Sir John Farquharson and his daughter, and a young gentleman of the name of Blannin, a descendant of an ancient Welsh family. Miss Farquharson was in her twenty-first year, and was gifted with personal attractions of so remarkable a character as to gain her precedence, amongst the gay connoisseurs of such endowments, before all the young beauties who then shed lustre over the Bath entertainments. Sir John, in consequence of the improvidence of sundry generations of grandfathers, was by no means wealthy, but was in the enjoyment of sufficient means to enable him to move in fashionable society, and to gather friends around him by a judiciously-conducted system of quiet and refined hospitality; and the consideration which such a mode of life secured for him was, as may be imagined, deepened and vivified by his close relationship to a young lady of almost peerless beauty, who imparted a degree of splendor to his household, and attracted interest and attention to all his movements. "Sir John Farquharson and the divine Clara!" was the toast *d'amour* of all the gallants of the day. Stephen Gerard Blannin, the young gentleman of good family mentioned above, had been for some months the recognized and accepted suitor of Miss Farquharson. He was in his twenty-third year, of very elegant and prepossessing appearance—was impulsive, passionate, and restless as even Welsh blood could make him; and, in his manner of dress and mode of life, affected a style of his own which gained him distinction amongst his fellow-beaux, and rendered him in a measure an object of public attention.

Sir John, his daughter, and Mr. Blannin, were among the fashionables who attended the gala of the 10th of July, and, as usual, were courted, quizzed, and lionized. The same evening, a new constellation made a first appearance in this brilliant firmament. A tall young lady, extremely well-looking, of particularly



graceful and majestic deportment, and dressed to the very extreme of the mode, was observed among the concourse, walking hither and thither in company with a lady of between forty and fifty years, also of striking stature and demeanor, and handsomely attired. These were fresh faces and figures upon the scene, and very few knew who they were or anything about them. There were black ribbons, indicating mourning, in various parts of the younger lady's costume, and the elder lady wore a sort of modified widow's cap. The curiosity of the company, who, with the exception of these, were all either on speaking terms with each other, or were personally acquainted, was strongly excited by the accession of the strangers; a thousand remarks, questions and suppositions, were whispered respecting them, and all their movements were watched with persevering solicitude. The general inquiry at length elicited the required information. A well-known physician proved the oracle of the occasion. He had attended the late husband of the elder lady for many years, until about a twelve-month before, when an attack of bronchitis had proved fatal, at once depriving the patient of life and the physician of a by no means contemptible item in his annual income. He was a Mr. Ranne, by occupation a brewer—a man who, from an humble sphere and with humble means, had risen to opulence by force of energy and sagacity. "Died immensely rich," whispered the doctor emphatically to whomsoever he communicated the much-coveted material for gossip—"immensely rich. Widow and daughter must be worth one hundred thousand between 'em. Take my word for it."

The fashionables were at first somewhat alarmed at the idea of the widow and daughter of a brewer of obscure origin being amongst them; but the reputation of great wealth, so strongly insisted upon by the judicious physician, mollified the stringency of aristocratic sentiments, and preserved the strangers from anything like a display of rudeness or contempt. The ladies, too, were personages who really made a very stylish and distinguished appearance; particularly the younger one, in whose noble carriage, firmly yet delicately-chiselled features, rich dark hair, and bright flashing eyes, there was something queenly and imperious: so the *habitués* made no objection to the manager of the place respecting their presence there, but resolved to observe a passive behavior, leaving the new-comers to shift for themselves, and procure society and countenance as they might happen to find opportunity.

The concert and the pyrotechnic display being brought to a termination, the ladies and gentlemen proceeded to their respective rooms to prepare for the ball; in other words, to set

aside bonnets and hats, and to retouch various particulars of the toilet.

"You have dropped a pair of gloves, Miss Farquarson," said Miss Ranne, picking up the articles mentioned, and hastening to give them to the young lady, who had dropped them before she left the tiring-room.

But the beautiful Clara, fresh from proud communion with her mirror, her thoughts triumphantly busied with Stephen Blannin and the coming pleasures of the ball, heard not the friendly intimation, but passed quickly on. Her father and Stephen were waiting for her at the door; she passed her arm through that of the latter, and they proceeded directly towards the ball-room.

Miss Ranne and her mother followed, the former waiting a convenient opportunity to hand the pair of gloves to Miss Farquarson. As she walked on she looked at them, and the one glance irresistibly tempted her to examine them more curiously. They were really an exquisite little pair of gloves—made of the finest, shiniest white satin, the seams wrought and embroidered with delicate pink silk—the initials "S. G. B." worked upon the wrist of the right-hand glove, and "C. F." on that for the left hand. With a covert smile, she showed them to her mother, and asked if they were not elegant morsels of workmanship. "Very pretty; but you could do as well, my dear," answered the fond mamma, with a look expressive of unbounded confidence in her daughter's abilities, and satisfaction in her present appearance. "There is nothing Miss Farquarson could do that you could not do, my Fanny," she added.

"O, mamma, we do not know that Miss Farquarson made them," said Fanny.

"Why, to be sure she did," returned the penetrating madam: "don't you see what the letters are? It's a love-gift for Mr. Blannin, of course."

Fanny involuntarily sighed. Stephen Blannin was a handsome, brilliant young gentleman, and her eye had sought him many times that evening. She was volatile, passionate, and headstrong as Stephen was himself. Once or twice their glances met, and, without a word being spoken, that hap-hazard inexplicable clashing of soul to soul had passed between them, which may only be experienced once in a lifetime. There was in their natures the moral affinity which starts a mysterious response, like a lightning-flash, before a question is asked or a syllable uttered.

They entered the ball-room. All was light and bright, gayly-attired groups of young and old were promenading, strains of music floated over the scene. Again Fanny stepped towards Miss Farquarson with the gloves in her hand. Stephen Blannin turned as she approached, and a warm blush spread over her features as

again she met his bright black eye. "Miss Farq'son has dropped a pair of gloves," repeated she.

"O, thank you," said Mr. Blannin, taking the gloves with a low bow: "your kind attention, Miss Ranne, deserves our best acknowledgments." As he addressed her by name, the blush deepened upon her face.

"Miss Farq'son dropped them in the dressing-room," added Fanny: "I spoke to her at the time, but she did not hear me."

Clara had been engaged in conversation with her father and some young friends who clustered around them. She heard now, and turned quickly towards her lover and Miss Ranne, with a look full of eager inquiry and surprise.

"This young lady, Clara," said Mr. Blannin, "has kindly handed to me a pair of gloves which you dropped in the ladies-room."

Clara started with evident agitation as she at once perceived what had happened; possibly she cherished a belief in omens. She took the gloves, thrust them roughly into the pocket of her dress, bowed coldly and haughtily to the restorer of them, and turned again towards the party with whom she had previously been conversing. Fanny tossed her proud head, and, without another look at either Stephen or Clara, moved slowly away with her mother. She was affronted, and immediately resolved to be revenged.

In a few minutes, dancing commenced, and the ball was fairly opened. Throughout the evening the parvenu strangers continued to attract a large share of the attention of the company; the fine figures and handsome attire of the mother and daughter, and the report of their wealth, succeeded in gaining for them no small degree of consideration and countenance, notwithstanding the late Mr. Ranne had been a brewer, and had commenced life with small means. Miss Ranne, too, danced superbly, and evinced in every movement and every phase of her behavior, the peculiar air of grace and distinction of style which always mark the highly-bred and fine-spirited young lady. Hitherto, Clara Farquharson had been regarded by common consent as the belle of the assemblies, as undoubtedly she still deserved to be, on account of her extreme beauty; but now there was a presence of another description upon the scene — a beauty not so correct and sweet, but of a stronger and more impressive character — which already began to divide the empire of the young Queen of the Ball. Before a couple of hours had passed, before half the programme of gavottes, minuets, quadrilles, and contra-dances, had been accomplished, Fanny Ranne and her mamma formed the centre of a tolerably numerous group of *habitués*, who, for the hour, courted their society and acquaintance; and the most noted gallants of the company contended at

each successive dance for the honor of Fanny's hand. In short, the appearance of Miss Ranne was a decided hit, and created the species of interest which, in the fashionable circles of the time and the place, was denominated a sensation.

Stephen Blannin observed the course of events with the acuteness and watchfulness of one who passed his life amid such scenes, and who aspired to establish for himself the character of a thoroughgoing beau. Having danced with Clara twice or thrice, he left her for a while, and not long afterwards was to be seen by the side of Miss Ranne. He solicited the favor of her hand for a minuet — solicited it with the easy grace of one who has been brought to believe the refusal of such a request impossible — but the honor was declined with frigid hauteur; and amid smirks and whispers, he, Stephen Gerard Blannin, Esq., walked away discomfited. The refusal was cold and concise: she did not say that she was already engaged, that she was disengaged for the next dance, or the next after that; she made no remark at all, but merely declined the honor with a slight and contemptuous bow. Stephen was intensely piqued. He had never endured such a defeat before. He at once attributed it to the cold, indeed almost rude, manner in which Clara had received the restored gloves, and felt particularly out of temper with her, with himself, and with every one else.

"Well, Clara," said he, as he returned to her, "have you lost your gloves again?"

"No, surely. Why?" returned she, directly taking them from her pocket, and starting again as she remembered the *rencontre* to which they had already given rise.

"Because, if you had," said Stephen dryly, "I should hope no one would be good enough to perform the thankless task of finding them and bringing them to you."

Clara blushed deeply, but made no reply. She put her arm within Stephen's, and drew him into a recess. She unfolded the gloves with nervous, trembling fingers, and seemed strangely agitated all at once. Stephen leaned against the marble pillar, silent and displeased.

"Stephen," said she presently, offering the gloves to him, "I made them with my own hands for you. Your initials are worked upon the wrist of one glove, and my own upon the other. This being the case, it annoyed me much to think I had been careless enough to drop them, and afford every one a chance of inspecting them."

"O, is that it?" exclaimed Stephen, mollified immediately by an explanation so sufficient, especially to himself. "Well, I had no idea of anything of that sort for a moment, or I should not have thought your conduct so strange. They are pretty, upon my word — very pretty; and I am much obliged to you,

my dearest. I will put them on at once; shall I!"

"O, to be sure; if you like." She was pleased to hear his expressions of approval and gratification; but the quickness with which his mind passed to the mere use of the things — to putting them on — checked the warm thoughts which had rendered the making of them such a delicious task. They were not intended so much for show, for wear and tear, as for a memento of affection — not so much for the hands as for the heart.

Stephen took off the gloves he had been wearing, and cased his hands in the love-gift. Really, it was a charming pair of gloves — certainly the finest and daintiest in the room. He declared he should be very proud during the remainder of the evening; and Clara laughed, half with pleasure half with pain, as he gayly said so. They left the recess, and slowly returned to the more thronged parts of the room.

"Shall we dance this minuet, Stephen?" asked Clara, as the strain of the approaching dance commenced.

"I—I—I think not—not this time," returned he, somewhat absently and uneasily.

Clara looked up at his face: he was staring fixedly towards another quarter of the saloon, where Miss Ranne and a showy young gentleman were just taking their places for the minuet.

"Not dance this time, Stephen?"

"No—not this time, Clara. Indeed, I will not dance any more to-night; my head aches—the place is so hot—phew!—the heat is stifling!"

Clara was alarmed. She thought she had better sit with her father for a while, so that Stephen might have an opportunity of going out into the fresh air. He adopted the suggestion without a moment's hesitation, handing her to her father, and himself leaving the room. He got his hat from the dressing-room, walked out into the garden, and there brooded over the first discomfiture he had experienced since he had succeeded in establishing himself as a "presence" at the assemblies. His pride had received a poignant hurt, and at the moment his every thought was engaged in considering how he might recover his lost ground in some signal manner, and restore the feeling of self-sufficiency which had received such a rough shock.

He continued pacing up and down the garden walks a considerable time, and was at length about to reënter the house, when his movements were arrested by the approach of a party from the ball-room. In some excitement he recognized Mrs. and Miss Ranne, who were escorted and surrounded by several gentlemen. They were all talking and laughing gayly save Miss Ranne herself, who seemed to be of a nature too proud and haughty for direct

participation in any absolute levity. She walked slowly on, with her head erect, gratified, no doubt, by the attentions paid her, but receiving them passively, as if she cared nothing about them. Blannin eagerly noticed this peculiarity of her demeanor. There was something about the high-spirited, self-contained girl that touched him strongly. Suspecting, from appearances, that the mother and daughter were going home, he turned back, and hurried by a circuitous path to the gates which opened upon the road to the city, and there remained till the party came down to the carriage, which was waiting without. As they approached, he drew himself up to his full height, and, walking steadily up to Miss Ranne, brought them all to a stand-still.

"I beg leave, before Miss Ranne quits this place to-night," said he, with a slight bow, "to express to her my deep regret that she should have been treated with incivility by a person with whom I have the honor of an intimate acquaintance — my regret that her kind politeness should have been received with behavior not far short of rudeness. I beg to assure her nothing of the sort was intended — that it was all the merest chance of the time and occasion. Whether Miss Ranne may think it worth while to care anything about it or not, I, for my part, should not have been satisfied had I allowed her to leave this place without offering a formal apology."

He bowed stiffly, raised his hat, and was about to move away, apparently not caring whether any answer were returned to him; but Miss Ranne, with a quick, decisive movement, held out her hand to him in a manner which rendered his abrupt departure impossible. As he took the proffered hand, and bowed, she looked him full in the face, and then passed on. It was not so much the act of a bold woman, full of belief in her charms and their power, as the inspiration of a strong and wilful spirit which has formed a certain desire, and will not scruple to procure its fulfilment by whatever means it can; for there was something in the manner in which, for an instant, she gazed — it was more than a glance — at Blannin, that made him tremble with a strange emotion; and, had there been no one by, he would have cast himself at her feet. The beautiful Clara seemed like a myth in comparison to the powerful, imperious reality which his heart and soul recognized in this remarkable young lady. She might have made him follow her to the ends of the earth, without speaking a word for him. The spirit of romance was stronger, and the regulation of the affections less a matter of consideration in those days than in the present; and Blannin, in recklessly surrendering himself to the influence of a newly-found attraction, was by no means out of the fashion. He followed them to their carriage door for the pur-

pose of bidding a formal adieu. Miss Ranne merely bowed to the rest, but returned his farewell, and shook his hand, it appeared to those standing by, with something like ostentatious emphasis. To him she became talkative all at once, as the moment of separation seemed to have arrived — remarked upon the beauty and good order of the Villa Gardens, the prettiness of the illumination, the charms of the music, the pleasantness of the ball. Mrs. Ranne took her place in the carriage; and the gentlemen who had formed the escort from the ball-room, exchanging significant looks, retired, leaving Blannin behind.

"Do you return to the ball-room, Mr. Blannin?" asked Miss Ranne.

"No," answered he quickly — then adding, with some hesitation and embarrassment, "at least only for a minute or so to perform an act of politeness, which will be expected of me. I shall dance no more to-night."

"Then why go back?"

"I have a reason, I — I — regret to say."

"Well, go back, and by that means you will be enabled always to retain both the reason and the regret." She stepped into the carriage, and took her seat opposite her mother. Blannin was wonderstricken and indescribably touched by the bold, careless energy of her manner.

"Rather than do that I will not go back," said he, a sharp thrill of pleasure darting through him at the inference he could not help drawing from what he had heard. "I will go home at once. May I ride?"

That night it became rumored all through the fashionable circles of the city that the match between Mr. Blannin and Miss Farquharson was to be broken off — that Mr. Blannin had been smitten at first sight by Miss Ranne, the rich brewer's daughter — that he had left Miss Farquharson in the care of her father to get home how she could, while he himself had ridden home with the Rannes. The next day gave strong confirmation to the rumors. Blannin and Miss Ranne were observed for several hours riding about on horseback in all the most fashionable quarters of the neighborhood.

Sir John Farquharson examined the blade of his sword. He bade his daughter never mention Blannin's name again, and instructed his servants never to admit that gentleman to his house, and, if he insisted upon entering, to eject him by force. The second day after he conceived himself to have been insulted, and the honor of his family alighted, he went to Blannin's residence, and, not finding him, rode straightway to that of Mrs. Ranne, where Blannin and Fanny were together.

On the evening of the same day, Clara Farquharson was sitting in her boudoir, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, a hasty step ascended the stairs, and a tall, imperious

figure entered the room in disorderly agitation.

"Miss Farquharson," exclaimed Fanny, for she it was, "again I restore to you your gloves. Look at them, and you will see how much they have cost me!"

She dashed the gloves upon the table as she spoke, using her left hand — the gloves upon which poor Clara had spent many an industrious, love-lorn hour! Clara's face flushed, and she rose immediately from her chair, for she had spirit and passion in her, though nothing in comparison to the headstrong, impulsive creature who now addressed her.

"Look at them, I say, and see how much they have cost me!" repeated Fanny fiercely; "and be satisfied with your revenge."

Clara looked at the gloves, and uttered a shriek of affright. The one for the right hand, on which she had wrought the initials of Stephen, was bathed in blood, with the exception of the three outside finger-parts, and the satin was cut through close beneath those portions which were unstained. She took up the glove, and looked more closely at it. Horrible! There were the halves of three human fingers remaining in it!

"They are mine!" cried Fanny, with frantic impetuosity — "they are mine! Keep them as an assurance of vengeance wreaked upon me for the wrong that has been done you."

She raised her right hand from beneath her shawl, and the frightened Clara saw that three of her fingers were cut off, and that the short stumps had been roughly bandaged. Before another word could be said, Miss Ranne left the house with the same vehement haste as had distinguished her coming.

Sir John and Mr. Blannin had been left alone at the request of the former; high words had arisen between them, and, in the paroxysm of their quarrel, swords had been drawn without the formality of a duel. The house was alarmed; but none had been courageous enough to interfere so instantaneously as Miss Ranne, who rushed between them, and, her hand coming in contact with the sword of Sir John, three of her fingers were cut off.

Intense excitement was occasioned by this remarkable affair. Sir John and Clara left the city, and Mr. Blannin and Miss Ranne became the observed of all observers. Fanny's hand was skilfully doctored, and, after much suffering, the remains of the fingers were healed; which consummation being happily arrived at, she resumed her horse-riding, attended by Mr. Blannin; and, perhaps to her satisfaction, her appearance was always the signal for gaping, whispering, remark, and gossip, and other symptoms of personal celebrity. The pair who had met so strangely, and so strangely wooed, were shortly afterwards married, and lived in great style, as



far as the world could see, whatever might have been the state of domestic affairs. The beautiful Clara had sufficient pride to wean her heart from the remembrance of the faith-

less Stephen, and was also married, perhaps the more quickly in consequence of the above circumstances, and lived long and happily.

*Characteristics of the Duke of Wellington, apart from his Military Talents.* By the Earl De Grey, K.G.

To consider the character of the Duke of Wellington "apart from his military talents," seems something like performing *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out. The abilities, the unflinching industry, and the enormous power of work possessed by Arthur Wellesley, would have conducted him to eminence in civil affairs; but his want of imagination or of geniality would have prevented him from striking masses of men, unless assisted by the dazzling nature of military exploits. When Lord De Grey's publication comes to be examined, it will be found hardly to fulfil the suggestion of the title. The Duke of Wellington's military qualifications, so far as fighting or the preliminaries of fight are in question, are indeed put aside; but the book is almost wholly occupied with those qualities which are necessary for the formation, management, and command of an army. For example, one of the topics which Lord De Grey treats of is the duke's subordination and obedience to orders, both in himself and as regards his requirements from subordinates; but this is surely one of the first of military qualities. Another topic is his firmness under annoyances both home and foreign; a third, his secrecy and caution (which verge closely upon the fighting part of the question); a fourth, his confidence in himself, and buoyancy under responsibility. These are accompanied by some others; among which his forbearance and forgiveness of injury are perhaps rather a lofty disdain or a politic forgetfulness: when he really was provoked he could be as angry as other men, though there was little or nothing revengeful about him. His disinterestedness as to money and rank, when other objects are at stake, is not peculiar to the Duke of Wellington. Lord De Grey's last section is pretty closely connected with the army—"his placability as to the faults and failings of others, evinced by his feelings connected with subordination and court-martial."

The plan of the work is to select, from the Despatches, extracts bearing upon different topics classed for illustration. Some of the passages are well known, but the most trite acquire interest from the purpose to which they are applied. A fuller idea is also given of the administrative qualities of the duke, from the cumulative evidence adduced as regards each faculty. Lord De Grey's exposi-

tion or enforcement is perspicuous, varied and copious, without exuberance. This volume is an interesting and suggestive book, strongly marking the incessant and varied attention to business of the Great Duke, and the manner in which he formed his army.—*Spectator*.

SMOKING IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—A case has been decided by Sheriff Skene on this question, which is important both to railway companies and the public who travel by rail. A Mr. Buchanan sued the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Company for *£1. 6s. 8d.* as restricted damages sustained by him from the danger he ran from fire and the injury to his feelings, because the company did not enforce strictly their fourth by-law, which prohibits smoking in any railway carriage. Mr. Buchanan is holder of a yearly ticket, and in the course of his numerous journeys he has remonstrated with the guards for allowing smoking in some part of the train, although he did not allege that the offence took place under his own observation. Mr. Buchanan proceeded upon the general ground that smoking did take place occasionally in the railway carriages, and in the instance more particularly referred to the offence was alleged to have arisen in the third carriage from that occupied by the complainant. The question being a novel one, the sheriff heard the case in chamber, and, after receiving evidence and reading the by-laws, he decided that the company were bound in every case of smoking to have a penalty not exceeding 40s. inflicted; and, if persisted in after being warned to desist, the offender to be removed from the company's premises and forfeit his fare. The sheriff went further, for he said that if the guard smelt smoke in any compartment, he was bound, if he could not find out the offender, to have all the passengers summoned for the offence; but when the question was put to him, if he would or could convict the whole six passengers in a compartment because a guard smelt, or fancied he smelt, tobacco smoke at the window, his lordship very prudently declined giving an opinion. Henceforth, therefore, it is clear that this nuisance must be either put down altogether, or, perhaps, what would be better, a carriage should be provided for the lovers of the weed to enjoy their unaccountable taste. This latter alternative, however, Mr. Buchanan would deny to the company, even if they were willing to agree to it—at all events until the expiry of his season ticket. The company was fined 20s.—*North British Daily Mail*.



From Hogg's Instructor.

### THE ARTS BEFORE THE FLOOD.

THE period referred to in the heading of this paper is so remote in the historical existence of the globe, and the records that have descended to this time are so scanty and so brief, that it would be unreasonable to expect that much could be gathered now, relative to the arts before the Flood. The early portion of the holy Scriptures is the only trustworthy source of information open to us; all that tradition can legitimately do is to corroborate. From that source we learn that the antediluvians had not simply discovered useful inventions, but had even entered the domain of the fine arts. While they cultivated the soil for their support, and built cities for their accommodation and comfort, they had the sweet strains of music, instrumental as well as vocal, to relieve their leisure, and cheer their solitary hours.

In preparing this article, we have drawn freely on a work by Dr. Kitto — a gentleman whose name, as a writer on biblical themes, is celebrated over the Christian world. The "Pictorial Bible," a work published several years since, met with a very favorable reception, and commanded an extensive sale. The "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature" (Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh), an invaluable book to students, followed, and we believe was also successful. A couple of years ago Dr. Kitto projected a series of volumes, several of which have been published by Messrs. Oliphant & Son, Edinburgh, possessing the same general character, but cast in a more popular mould. This must not be understood as a reproduction of his former works — it is entirely new, and is a most valuable addition to our sacred literature. We are indebted especially to the last work — the "Daily Bible Illustrations" of Dr. Kitto, for the following remarks.

It seems clear to us (says Dr. Kitto) that the antediluvians, commencing with the knowledge imparted to Adam before his fall, and acquired by him subsequently, did make high improvements in the arts, and attained to a state of considerable civilization. If this be true, there is consequently no foundation for the notion of man's gradual progress from the savage to the civilized condition. Indeed, how any one who believes in the sacred origin of the book of Genesis can take that view is inconceivable. According to that account, the various nations of the world are descended from the men who survived the deluge, and who were certainly not an uncivilized family. They built a large and capacious vessel, and their doing this implies the possession of tools suited to so great a work; they were also skilled in agriculture; and Noah betook

himself to the culture of the ground as soon as he quitted the ark; the successful management of so many diverse animals that were committed to his care in the ark, implies much knowledge of cattle. All this we know; and, knowing this, it is not too much to suppose that the various members of this family possessed all the arts which existed before the deluge, and of which we now give some notice. Indeed, there is evidence of this in the great undertakings of their descendants, previous to their dispersion into nations and languages.

One of the sons of Lamech by Adah was Jabal. He, we are told, "was the father of such as dwell in tents, and such as have cattle." This is a very important fact. It shows that man had existed thirteen centuries upon the earth before the nomadic life, to which a large proportion of mankind have since been addicted, received its origin. There had been shepherds before, and sheep had before been kept; but it was not until the time of Jabal that pasturage was organized into a distinct form of social existence. The care of man was by him extended to larger animals than sheep; and they were taught to cast off the restraints which the habit of living in towns and villages imposed, and to betake themselves wholly to the pastures, dwelling in portable habitations, and removing from place to place for the convenience of pasturage. This is a mode of life frequently brought under our notice in the Scriptures, being essentially that of the patriarchs whose history occupies the greater portion of the book of Genesis.

Jabal had a brother named Jubal, and "he was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." Had, then, the world been for above a thousand years without music, till Jubal appeared? Perhaps not. Man could scarcely, for so long a time, have been without some efforts to produce musical sounds; and the birds could scarcely for so many ages have poured forth their melodious notes to him, without some attempts at imitation. But hitherto, probably, all their attempts had been vocal, until Jubal discovered that instruments might be contrived to give vent to musical sounds of greater compass and power. We may conceive that he had many anxious thoughts, many abortive trials, until perseverance conquered, as it always does, and he had brought his "harp and organ" to perfection. The harp was something of that sort which we call a lyre, and the form and character of which is better known to us from sculptures, paintings, and medals, as well as poetical descriptions, than from actual knowledge, the instrument being virtually extinct. And let not "the organ" of Jubal perplex us with large ideas of pipes, and keys, and bellows. It was nothing more

than a simple "mouth organ"—a bundle of reeds—a Pandean pipe, that is, such a pipe as the god Pan is seen to blow, in ancient sculptures, and such as is often enough to this day witnessed in our street exhibitions.

Jubal has been, of course, a favorite with the poets, who strive to render due honor to the great promoter, if not the originator, of the sister art. Du Bartas, to whom we always refer with pleasure, very fancifully supposes that the idea of instruments for producing musical notes may have been suggested by the regulated strokes of the hammer upon the anvil of his Vulcanian brother, and his companions.

Thereon he harps, and ponders in his mind,  
And glad and fain some instrument would find  
That in accord these discords might renew,  
And th' iron anvil's rattling sound ensue,  
And iterate the beating hammer's noise,  
In milder notes and with a sweeter voice.

Accident, such as only occurs to the thoughtful and the observant, who know how to take the hints which nature offers to all but the slow of understanding, enabled the son of Lamech to realize his hopes.

It chanced that, passing by a pond, he found  
An open tortoise lying on the ground,  
Within the which there nothing else remained  
Save three dry sinews in the shell stiff-strained :  
This empty house Jubal doth gladly bear,  
Strikes on those strings, and lends attentive ear,  
And by this mould frames the melodious lute,  
That makes woods hearken, and the winds be mute,  
The hills to dance, the heavens to retrograde,  
Lions be tame, and tempests quickly fade.

So a poet of our own day, whose very name is a word of honor—James Montgomery, in his "World before the Flood," renders due honor to Jubal, though he finds no place for Jubal or Tubal-Cain. There is a touching and beautiful conception with reference to him, which we should be reluctant to omit noticing :—

Jubal, the prince of song (in youth unknown),  
Retired to commune with his harp alone ;  
For still he nursed it like a secret thought,  
Long-cherish'd and to late perfection wrought,  
And still, with cunning hand and curious ear,  
Enriched, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere,  
Till he had compass'd in that magic round,  
A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound.

He sings to his instrument of God, of man,  
and of creation. The song is given : then,  
couched before him, like a lion watching for  
his prey, he beheld a strange apparition,

An awful form, that, through the gloom, appear'd  
Half brute, half human, whose terrific beard  
And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair,

Like eagle's plumage ruffled by the air,  
Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace.

Who was this! It was Cain, who had  
seven years since gone mad under the stings  
of conscience :

Jubal knew  
His kindred looks, and tremblingly withdrew ;  
He, darting like a blaze of sudden fire,  
Leap'd o'er the space between, and grasp'd the  
lyre :

Sooner with life the struggling hand would part ;  
And, ere the fiend could tear it from his heart,  
He hurl'd his hand with one tremendous stroke  
O'er all the strings ; whence in a whirlwind  
broke

Such tones of terror, dissonance, despair,  
As till that hour had never jarr'd in air.  
Astonish'd into marble at the shock,  
Backward stood Cain, unconscious as a rock,  
Cold, breathless, motionless, through all his  
frame ;

But soon his visage quicken'd into flame  
When Jubal's hand the crashing jargon changed  
To melting harmony, and nimbly ranged  
From chord to chord, ascending sweet and clear,  
Then rolling down in thunder on the ear ;  
With power the pulse of anguish to restrain,  
And charm the evil spirit from the brain.

It had this effect upon Cain, who exhibits  
signs of returning consciousness and intellect :—

Jubal with eager hope beheld the chase  
Of strange emotions hurrying o'er his face,  
And waked his noblest numbers to control  
The tide and tempest of the maniac's soul ;  
Through many a maze of melody he flew,  
They rose like incense, they distill'd like dew,  
Pass'd through the sufferer's breast delicious  
balm,  
And sooth'd remembrance till remorse grew  
calm ;  
Till Cain forsook the solitary wild,  
Led by the minstrel like a weaned child.

From that time, the lyre of Jubal was to  
Cain what in later ages the harp of David  
was to Saul ; and thus the poet concludes—

Thus music's empire in the soul began :  
The first-born poet ruled the first-born man.

The son of Lamech by Zillah supported  
well the renown of his family for discoveries  
in the arts. His name was Tubal-Cain. He  
was "an instructor of every artificer in  
brass and iron." For "brass" read "copper :"  
brass being a factitious metal of certainly  
much later invention. Was, then, the  
use of metals wholly unknown in the eight or  
nine centuries of not savage life which had  
passed since Adam received his being? Perhaps  
not. It is hard to conceive that extensive  
agricultural operations could have been  
carried on, that cities could have been built,  
or the useful and elegant arts brought into  
use, without this knowledge. We might in-

deed conceive that the use of iron was of this late, or even later, origin. That metal is hard to find, and difficult to bring into that condition which fits it for use. It is usually the last of the metals to be brought into man's service; and nations which have possessed all the other metals have wanted that. This is not the case with copper. It is often found on or near the surface in its metallic shape; it is soft and easily wrought; and nations, whose instruments were only of this metal, have been known to execute great works, and to have attained an advanced state of civilization. All antiquity, indeed, vouches for the remotely ancient, but not earliest, discovery of iron; but all antiquity also affirms that, although iron was known, the difficulty of the first operations in rendering it available greatly restricted its use, and a large number of implements, utensils, and weapons, which we should expect to be of iron wherever that metal was known, are found to have been nevertheless of copper. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the ancients, being obliged to rely so much upon copper, labored diligently in overcoming the inconvenience which its natural softness could not but occasion. By certain amalgamations and manipulations, they seem to have succeeded in imparting to copper some of the hardness of iron; and it is certain that, with their tools of this material, they were able to perform operations which we cannot execute without instruments of iron. It is probable that the ancients possessed some secret in hardening copper, which has been lost since the more general use of iron threw it out of use for such purposes.

Not to pursue this theme further at this time, we may remark that copper is here placed before iron, and that, taking all things into account, the probability is that Tubal-Cain's improvements were more in copper than in iron. The text itself seems to intimate that great and important discoveries in the working of metals were made by him, rather than that he was the first to apply them to any use. He is not, like his brothers, Jabal and Jubal, called the "father," or originator, of the art he taught, but an "instructor" of those that wrought in it. So strong is our impression respecting the earlier use of copper, and the comparatively limited employment of iron, that we would almost venture to conjecture that Tubal-Cain's researches in metallurgy, which led him to great improvements in the working of copper, also led him to the discovery of iron. Du Bartas, who, in his poem on "The Handicrafts," has exercised much ingenuity upon the origin of inventions, appears to have felt great difficulty in accounting for the discovery of iron, and seems to have found it only possible to do so by supposing that it had been seen in a state

of fusion, and afterwards hardening as it cooled, in the operations of nature.

After describing Tubal-Cain's successful working out of the ideas thus suggested, the poet breaks forth into an eulogium upon this metal—which if merited in his time may now be uttered with tenfold emphasis:—

Happy device! We might as well want all  
The elements as this hard mineral.  
This to the ploughman for great uses serves;  
This for the builder wood and marble carves;  
This arms our bodies against adverse force;  
This clothes our backs; this rules the unruly  
horse;  
This makes us dryshod dance in Neptune's hall;  
This brightens gold; this conquers self and all;  
Fifth element, of instruments the haft,  
The tool of tools, the hand of handicraft.

Certain it is, that, whatever was the precise nature of Tubal-Cain's inventions in metallurgy, they were of such use and service to mankind as rendered him famous in his day, and attached honorable distinction to his name in all succeeding generations, so that there is scarcely any ancient nation which has not preserved some traditional notices of his character and improvements. There is even reason to think that he was eventually worshipped by various ancient nations, and under names which, however different, signify an "artificer in fire." In the name and character of Vulcan, the blacksmith-god of the Greeks and Romans, it requires no great penetration to discover the Tubal-Cain of Genesis. Omitting the Tu, which was likely to be regarded as a prefix, and making the exceedingly familiar change of the b into v, and you have Vulcain or Vulcan. This, and other analogies of a like nature, might tempt us into investigation from which we must at present refrain.

But, it will be asked, if this were the original condition of mankind, how came so many forms of savage life to exist? How is it that some of the commonest social arts are unknown to many nations—that there are those to whom the use of fire is unknown, and that many are in their entire condition but a few degrees above the beasts that perish? Is it possible that these are descended from civilized ancestors, have lost much that their primeval fathers knew, and have retrograded rather than advanced in the scale of civilization? Painful as it may be to those who uphold the doctrine of human progress, the affirmative is, we apprehend, not only probable but certain; and might be illustrated by a cloud of examples in which nations have gone back in civilization, and have lost arts which were in former times known.

A very sensible and thoughtful writer has expressed this fact perfectly in accordance with the view we have long entertained. "The first men were not wandering and igno-

rant savages, although those who wandered from the parent stock, and ceased to have any connection with it, generally fell into a state of barbarism and ignorance, as in Africa, America, and the Asiatic and other isles. Science, arts, and civilization were confined to those who maintained their connection with the central stock of the first men, or departed in numbers sufficient to enable them to exercise and carry along with them the subdivisions of art and labor necessary to civilized life." Besides, many of the separated parties, in the course of their migrations, arrived at regions in which, from the difference of products, of climate, and of the physical circumstances of the country, some of the arts cultivated by the original families were no longer needed, and would, therefore, cease to be cultivated, and be in a few generations forgotten.

The arts of useful life, which were lost in the process of dispersion, are known to have been recovered in the course of time, either by reinvention, under the same conditions as those in which they were first discovered, or by renewed communication with those branches of the human family which still retained possession of them. The latter process is indicated by the numerous traditions of various ancient nations, who traced the origin of their arts and civilization to some stranger who came to them from the sea, and imparted instruction to them. And as to the former process, it is clear that families which lost the arts belonging to their original condition, when that condition became changed, often recovered them when, by the lapse of time, the population had so increased, and other circumstances had so arisen, as to restore the need for them. Hence we find the invention of various arts claimed by different nations, which could not, since the original dispersion, have had communication with each other.

Upon the whole, it seems to us that the civilization and knowledge in art of the antediluvians, and of the postdiluvians, up to the dispersion, have been greatly underrated, by our views having been too much directed to the progressive civilization of particular branches of the human race, which had greatly degenerated from ancient knowledge. Indeed, when we consider the advantages which length of days afforded to the earliest generations of mankind, giving to one man in his own person the accumulated knowledge and experience of a thousand years, it seems difficult to over-estimate the advancements that may have been made, and the knowledge in art that may have been acquired. We think much of the advantages we possess in books, which give to us the knowledge of the past. But their advantages were greater. There are few books of more than two or three

centuries old, from which we derive any knowledge, in at least the material arts, of any avail to us; but then fathers could impart, by the living voice and by the living practice, the knowledge of a thousand years, to sons who might build up the experience of another thousand years upon that large foundation. If man had gone on advancing to this time, at the same rate, upon the knowledge possessed by the antediluvians, it is inconceivable to what he might not have attained; or if, indeed, we had only progressively advanced upon the knowledge possessed by the ancient Assyrians, Egyptians, Babylonians, and Phenicians, or even upon that of Greece and Rome. But God has put limits to human progress, lest man should be exalted above measure. The shortening of human life, the confusion of tongues, and the consequent dispersion, did, in primeval times, the work which has since been accomplished by less direct agencies, and which have successively said to man in the highest state of his advancement, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and here shall thy proud mind be stayed."

Thus it has come to pass that one nation after another has become highly civilized; has fallen; the arts it possessed were lost or discontinued; dark ages followed; then arose other nations, gradually recovering these old arts, and perhaps inventing some new ones; but not more, perhaps, than serve to counterbalance the old ones that have not been recovered. We too much overrate the present, because we know it better than the past. But ancient histories, and monuments older than history, disclose to us that there were, two, three, and four thousand years ago, nations scarcely less advanced in material civilization, and in the arts of social life, than ourselves; and who certainly possessed arts that we do not, and were able to execute works which we cannot surpass, and some that we cannot equal, sufficient to counterbalance our possession of arts which they had not acquired, and our execution of works they had not imagined. It has been proved that many, and it may be proved that more, of our inventions and improvements are but revivals of old things.

From such catastrophes, which have from time to time thrown back the tide of human advancement, and prevented man from fully gathering the fruit of the tree of knowledge, for which his soul has hungered ever since the fall, we think ourselves exempt by means of the printing press, which has embalmed our inventions and discoveries beyond the possibility of loss. It may be so; but let us grant, that whatever advantage in this respect we possess, was enjoyed more abundantly by the primeval fathers, by reason of the length of their lives; so that it is morally impossible but that their material condition should have

been one of high and progressive advancement, during the period which is now under our survey.

In further corroboration of the argument, that the recent invention of many arts, and the savage condition of many nations, is not adverse to the conclusion that the fathers of mankind were not a barbarous but a cultivated people, let us listen to the hypothesis built by Plato upon natural and thoughtful reasoning from known facts. He admits that men, in these ancient times, possessed cities, laws, and arts; but desolations coming, in the shape of inundations, epidemics, malaria, and the like, those that escaped betook themselves to the mountains, and kept sheep. Most of the arts and sciences which were formerly common, were then more and more disused and forgotten among them. But mankind afterwards multiplying, they descended into the valleys; and, by degrees, mutual conversation, the necessities of their condition, and the due consideration of things, gradually revived among them the arts which had been lost by long intermission.

Sir Matthew Hale, who, in his profound work on the "Primitive Origination of Mankind," incidentally touches on this subject, says:—"We are not to conclude every new appearance of an art or science is the first production of it; but, as they say of the river Tigris and some others, they sink into the ground, and keep a subterranean course, it may be for forty or fifty miles, and then break out above ground again, which is not so much a new river as the continuation and reappearance of the old; so many times it falls out with arts and sciences, though they have their non-appearance for some ages, and then seem first to discover themselves where before they were not known, it is not so much the first production of the art, as a transition, or at least a restitution, of what was either before in another, or in the same country or people: and thus also some tell us that guns and printing, though but lately discovered in Europe, were of far ancienter use in China."

PHILOSOPHERS are naturally curious; but never did philosopher push curiosity so far as did M. de la Condamine, the French mathematician. La Condamine was a most agreeable and witty man, celebrated by his travels, and a member of both the Académie des Sciences and the Académie Française; but none of these qualities will so surely hand his name down to posterity as this defect, "common to man, apes, and little dogs," as Voltaire has it—a defect of which La Condamine was the type at once the most complete and most ingenious. Wishing to examine closely, and with his own eyes, all the motions of a man undergoing a death by torture, he "assisted," as the French have it, at the execution of Damien, the would-be assassin of

Louis XV., who was torn asunder piece-meal by red-hot pincers. He accordingly pushed his way into the inner space reserved for the criminal and the executioners. Some of the guards having endeavored to prevent him, the chief executioner, to whom he was well known, said to the soldiers: "Let monsieur alone, he is an amateur." Whenever he visited a friend, he would employ his time in inspecting and handling every article in the apartment, and in rummaging the cupboards and drawers. One day being at Chanteloup, in the study of M. de Choiseul, the prime minister of Louis XV., at the time of the arrival of the letters and despatches, La Condamine, during the momentary absence of the minister, sat himself down quietly, and began to open the letters on the table, some of which doubtless treated of the most secret interests of the different states of Europe. "Ah, Monsieur," cried M. de Choiseul in horror, "what are you about? You are opening my letters." "Pooh! it's nothing at all," replied his visitor, with the utmost unconcern; "I was only looking to see if there was any news from Paris."

COAL FOR THE MAIL-STEAMERS.—In that part of the Appendix to the Report of the Committee on Contract Packets which relates to the General Screw Steam Shipping Company, and the difficulties it has had to encounter, the committee state that the rise in the freight of coals had very materially affected the company in its arrangements, and "turned the profit which they anticipated into a heavy loss." The difficulty would be met in the most effectual manner should the expectations of the Cape of Good Hope and Natal Coal and Mining Company be realized. This company has been established mainly for the purpose of working the extensive beds of coal which are said to exist in that colony; and if they can raise a sufficient quantity, there can be no doubt that they will reap a handsome profit on the capital invested. At present the aggregate annual consumption of coal by the steam-ships calling at the Cape is said to be not less than 100,000 tons, at an average price of about 70s. per ton; and even that price, high as it may seem, is likely to be exceeded, owing to the difficulty of procuring tonnage from this country. A few months ago, the contractors for the delivery of coals at Ceylon, Calcutta, and Bombay, were obliged to ask time; they did not know when they would be able to fulfil their contracts, as it was impossible to obtain vessels. The Cape of Good Hope Company proposes to supply coal to vessels at a maximum charge of 40s. per ton; at which rate they would have a large profit, while the steamers coaling at the Cape would effect a very great saving in their annual expenditure.

#### EPITAPH.

HERE lies, cut down like unripe fruit,  
The wife of deacon Amos Shute;  
She died of thunder sent from Heaven,  
In seventeen hundred seventy-seven.



From the Examiner, 20th Aug.

# LORD CLARENDON'S EXPLANATIONS RESPECTING THE EAST.

EVEN after the explanations given by Lord Clarendon, in answer to Lord Malmesbury's speech on the 12th, it is manifest to us that the French government has evinced more penetration, more promptitude and alertness, than our own. Upon the first betrayal of the purpose of the Menschikoff mission, Colonel Rose wrote to the admiral at Malta, urging him to hasten the movement of the fleet towards the Turkish waters. The request was neglected at Malta, but not so at Paris, for on learning it by telegraph the French government instantly directed the fleet at Toulon to hasten to Salamis. This was done, as Lord Clarendon states, without consultation with our government, and upon the spur of the moment, in the belief that the danger was imminent.

What did our government upon this movement? It frankly assured the French government that the danger was not imminent, and that it was unnecessary to change the station of our fleet. But events have proved that the danger was as imminent as the French government had supposed it, and that the second thoughts of Colonel Rose were not best, namely, that it was well his application to Admiral Dundas was not heeded, as the approach of the fleet might have given an adverse turn to the negotiations with Russia. The negotiations had their course while our anchors were fast at Malta; and see the result in the invasion of the Turkish dominions.

But after the French fleet had been despatched to Salamis — as it would not have been despatched if England had been consulted — it was discovered that its position in the Greek waters would be more convenient for combined operations should the necessity arise; and eventually the two fleets arrived in Besika Bay within a few hours of each other, in obedience to orders issued simultaneously from Paris and London. This could not have been the case, observes Lord Clarendon, if the one had remained at Toulon as the other remained at Malta. No, certainly not; but the advance to Salamis, which had proved of such convenience, would not have been made if the English government had been consulted, which regarded it at the time as an unnecessary step against no imminent danger. The French were right after all. It may be said that it becomes England to be more backward than France in steps toward hostilities, as we have so much more interest in peace; but what has been the result of our backwardness? Not, certainly, the success of the negotiations which ended in Prince Menschikoff's insolent note, and the invasion of

Turkey, the close of the first act of the drama. It kept us, we shall be told, in position with Austria. It served for a great combination of names, France, England, Austria, Prussia; but how much sound heart there is in such an alliance time will show. Austria can only be there as tool of Russia, the slave dreading, hating, and, nevertheless, abjectly serving its master's behests. By having been only a little more backward, or moderate (if the word be preferred), in our protection of an injured ally, we might have added to the grand combination at Vienna the name of Russia itself.

We regret to observe in Lord Clarendon's speech some passages which appear, unintentionally no doubt, palliative of the aggressions of Russia. He denies, for example, that Prince Menschikoff demanded the dismissal of the Turkish Foreign Secretary; but the insolent Russian envoy caused the dismissal as effectually, and perhaps more summarily than by demand, by refusing to confer with that minister. For another instance, in recapitulating the proceedings of the Czar, Lord Clarendon states that he complained of the violation of privileges, the effect of which *impaired his influence* over those who profess the Greek faith in the Turkish dominions. We believe that these words were only intended to represent the emperor's peculiar views of his rights, but even with that significance it seems to us that they should not have been uttered without a protest against the pretension so repeated. What should we think of a foreign potentate's complaint that certain acts of our government impaired his influence over the Roman Catholic subjects in her majesty's dominions? In accord with the same insolent pretension, the first Nesselrode note insisted on the emperor's "inherited influence" over the Sultan's subjects of the Greek church. The preposterous claim cannot be expressed without a contradiction in terms. *De facto* indeed it may, and does happen, as we know too well at home, that the subjects of one independent power may be under the influence of another in spiritual and ecclesiastical matters; but *de jure* such influence can never be rightfully claimed on the one hand, and must always be indignantly denied and resisted on the other. We have no doubt that Lord Clarendon takes the just view of the Czar's pretension to influence in the Sultan's dominions — indeed, to concede this point would be to give up the whole cause of Turkey — but we regret that in mere recital so impudent a claim had not its passing word of dissent or disapprobation.

Another passage which somewhat surprised and startled us in Lord Clarendon's explanations was this: —

It was after the note of Count Nesselrode had been rejected by the Porte, and after the princi-

*palities had been occupied, that the opportunity seemed then to have arisen when mutual friends might treat the matter as having entered into a new phase. It had then certainly, by the occupation of this portion of the Turkish territory and in contravention of existing treaties, assumed a European character, which imposed upon other powers the necessity of interfering in some way or other to put an end to such a state of things.*

It would thus appear that the invasion has been a convenience for negotiation, and that without it the friends of unhappy Turkey would have wanted a case for interposition for her protection. The description of the last wrong as "a new phase," is of exquisite mildness. And what follows? Why, Austria, seeing this "new phase," the Sultan's frontier provinces overrun, his tribute confiscated, his authority usurped, makes forsooth "this fair and reasonable proposition" to the Porte—"Furnish us with such a note as we may send to St. Petersburg, something safe to you, and not unacceptable to the emperor."

It was distinctly understood that the note, safe to Turkey, and not unacceptable to the Czar, was not to say, "I pray you take your hand from off my throat." Any such request would not have been acceptable to the emperor, who occupies the provinces for the avowed object of squeezing out concessions only to be looked for by coercion. The true friends of Turkey would have counselled her against any overture under duress. She is now either prepared and resolved to refuse all that she refused when negotiations were broken off, or else the invasion has answered its purpose of extorting what of right would have been refused. And from the first all that we have felt certain of in this question was that Russia would, by her most unprovoked and unjustifiable aggression, obtain some advantage in the shape of compromise, the excess of her first demands serving to give a false complexion of moderation to extortions which, but for that comparison, would have seemed equally unjust and impossible. It is the vulgar huckstering trick on a great scale, to ask what is monstrous in order to get a dishonest gain in reduced terms. And the powers, no doubt, are perfectly prepared to second this game within certain bounds; and there is not an intelligent being who is not at this instant thoroughly aware that Turkey is to be the loser in the settlement of this dispute. She is the hare with many friends, all full of concern for her, but nevertheless consenting to give her away to the hounds by instalments. The prestige of her authority is destroyed in the invaded provinces; and for the wrong of that invasion and its consequences, not a breath about claim to indemnification has been heard, so that in this important respect, at least, Turkey is to be the loser, to be injured by Russia, while there is

the pretence that her allies have preserved the *status quo*. Is she in as good a posture and condition as before she suffered this wrong, and if not, what is the responsibility of the powers who have pretended a care for her welfare, and the assertion of her dignity and protection of her independence?

The Austrian correspondent of the *Times* writes from Vienna on the 9th:—

Few persons here are inclined to doubt that the Porte will consent to make its peace with Russia on the terms proposed; but no one is blind to the future consequences of such a step. The Hospodars have virtually renounced allegiance to the Porte, and if the diplomatic world succeeds in adjourning the definitive settlement of the Oriental question, it cannot be for more than a few years. Russian agents will continue to agitate in the various Turkish provinces, the Christian population will at last rise *en masse* against the Mahomedans, the four Powers will leisurely consider what is to be done to lay the storm, and long before they have determined on the line of conduct to be pursued, Russia will again appear on the scene of action as master of the situation. Such conjectural politics may excite a smile, but the accuracy with which the present crisis was predicted above a year and a half ago, emboldens me once again to lay my opinions before you. The Porte is heartily pitied by the few persons who are capable of judging of the true position of affairs, and something nearly approaching to contempt is now added to the dislike so long felt for England. The following guarded language from the "Oest. Deutsche Post" well expresses the public feeling: "It cannot well be doubted that the Porte will yield. Forsaken by the allies on whose assistance she had calculated, can Turkey single-handed oppose the mighty power, an encounter with which the greatest European States have considered it advisable to avoid?"

We do not believe that the fear of Russia has influenced the policy of the French and English governments. United France and England would immensely overmatch Russia in a war carried on beyond her own territory, where her true passive strength lies. The mere defensive power of Russia is great; it is a wall, to rush against which must be destruction; but, of late times, she has been found feeble in all her foreign attacks. The Turks in 1828 single-handed, and in circumstances most unfavorable, in the transition between the old and the new military organizations, tried the mettle of the Russian forces severely, and lengthened out to two years a struggle which the Court of St. Petersburg had expected hardly to exceed as many months. The Circassians hold Russia at bay to this day. The little miscreant robber Khan of Khiva repulsed her armies, and scoffed at her dictation.

All the external operations of Russia, intrigue alone excepted, have seemed marked

with weakness and inefficiency. It appears to be a power not for motion, but the *vis inertia*. Woe betide those who visit her whether as friends or foes; in either character a retreat is soon desired. The reason of the signal failure of the external operations of Russia is probably the all-pervading system of corruption, but we are not now inquiring into causes open to question, but referring to notorious facts. There is nothing then in the power of Russia, divested of exaggeration, and measured by the realities in which her strength has been tried and found wanting, to scare the governments of France and England; and if the single and simple question had been war with Russia, and that the ball and end-all, the course pursued in the Eastern question would probably have been different, very different from the one adopted. But the apprehension, which has no doubt influenced our statesmen, is that the war could not be confined to Russia; that the first gun would fire the four corners of Austria's house, and that what would follow would be an European conflagration embracing all, north, south, east, and west. If a conflict with Russia were alone to be contemplated, France and England might look to nothing but the justice of their cause, and take their ground firmly and fearlessly; but it is felt that the combat would be fought in a powder magazine, and that the danger lies, not with the adversary, but with the materials of combustion all around waiting only a spark for such an explosion as this world has perhaps never yet seen and deplored.

This is a consideration which cannot but throw a sickly hue over resolution, and make the boldest statesman pause even in the most righteous cause. While, therefore, we remark on conduct which seems short of the occasion in the Eastern dispute, we cannot be unmindful of the unparalleled weight of the responsibilities which oppress our ministers in this critical juncture. Yet it is also to be borne in mind that we may lean to peace till we may overthrow it by our very excess of leaning, and this is certainly the danger of yielding to and encouraging an encroaching power like Russia. Well said Lord John Russell that the best preparation for war is the exhaustion of all honorable means for the preservation of peace, and with that principle of policy intelligently carried out all would have reason to be content.

#### THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

LORD CLARENDON'S partial explanations in the Lords were followed by similar explanations in the Commons. The statement so long promised to that House of the course taken by the ministry on the Eastern question was made by Lord John Russell on Tuesday.

It was observed by Mr. Layard, who followed Lord John, that the ministerial explanation contained not a single fact of which the House was not previously in possession. But though nothing could be gathered from the disclosures of the ministry, something might be collected from its silence; and we regret to say that this is of a less favorable complexion than anything above remarked upon in the speech of Lord Clarendon.

It appears that the evacuation of the principalities, to be regarded according to Lord Clarendon as a term *sine qua non* of the settlement, does not form a part of the proposal accepted by the Russian cabinet; nor is there any reason to believe that the note prepared for the signature of the Turkish minister is one whit less injurious to the independence of the Porte than that which was demanded by Prince Menschikoff before his departure from Constantinople. For to what can we attribute a studious concealment of the contents of a note already proved, by its acceptance at St. Petersburg, to be "not unacceptable" to the Czar, and as to which nothing remains but to extort the consent of the Sultan, if not to an unwillingness to disclose the large amount of concession it involves?

If this surmise be correct, the interference of the British government on behalf of the independence and integrity of the Porte, for which so much credit has been assumed, will have had no other effect than to place that power in the humiliating position of yielding obviously under duress, and to intimidation and violence, terms which with some show of dignity it might have conceded to the mere request of the Russian negotiator. But this is not all. The resources of the Turkish empire will have been wasted in useless armaments; and the fanaticism of her populations, Christian as well as Mahomedan, greatly as it had subsided of late years, will again have been aroused into more fierce and dangerous activity. Nor can it be matter of indifference to us that what will thus have shaken the throne of the Sultan, will not less have brought suspicion on the good faith of this country.

Mr. Layard, whose long experience in the East and intimate acquaintance with the Christian provinces of Turkey render his opinion on this subject of high value, declared his conviction that the Russian troops would speedily withdraw from the principalities, inasmuch as the emperor had obtained everything which for the present he desires. The mere circumstances that the terms extorted from the Porte may embrace all Christian sects, and not be confined to the "orthodox religion of the orient" alone—or that the concession may be made to all the great powers and not exclusively to Russia—can-

not possibly render less fatal to the independence of the Porte the fact that she has virtually surrendered her sovereignty over ten millions of her subjects.

Even stronger language than Mr. Layard's was used by Lord Dudley Stuart, who showed very forcibly how much the cause of religious as well as of commercial freedom would suffer if the dominion of the Sultan should be superseded by that of the emperor. Mr. Blackett on behalf of the shipowners of Newcastle, and Mr. Muntz on that of the working-classes in Birmingham, protested energetically against the policy of purchasing peace at the expense of good faith and future security; and a similar tone was taken by Sir John Pakington and Mr. Milnes. Of all the members who spoke in the debate, in short, Mr. Cobden alone approved of the course which has been taken, or of the surrender which virtually appears to have been made.

Mr. Cobden declares that the Turks are intruders in Europe; and though he does not blame the ministry for making a show of adhering to the traditional policy of preserving the Ottoman empire, he considers this object as neither practicable nor even desirable. The great objection which Mr. Cobden entertains to the Turkish government is of a religious nature. He for his part would sooner live under a Christian government however oppressive than under a Mussulman monarch however liberal. He does not in direct terms say that he is himself prepared to embrace either the Greek or the Roman Catholic form of Christianity, as circumstances may require, but his argument leads to that conclusion. He would sooner be the subject of a Russian or Austrian potentate who makes adherence to his own faith a *sine quâ non* (we use the phrase not as it has been lately used, but as having some meaning in it), than live under a sovereign who is equally tolerant of Protestantism. We for our parts regard the matter so differently that we can even believe a Sultan who at the peril of war refused to give up the Hungarian refugees to be quite as good a Christian as either of the emperors who have hunted them to death.

Free trade itself is not more successful than toleration and humanity in winning favor for the Turks, in the esteem of Mr. Cobden. For his part he would never fight for a tariff Russians must very soon become freetraders by the mere force of English example. So enamored of Russia is Mr. Cobden that he prefers her liberal tariff *in posse* to that of the Turks *in esse*. Shutting his eyes to statistics and the Board of Trade, the member for the West Riding pronounces all authorities who insist on the value of the Turkish trade to be lamentably ignorant. How can it be otherwise, he asks, when there are no turnpike-roads in Turkey? If we ventured to suggest

to Mr. Cobden that the sea is the great highway of a country traversed by lofty chains of mountains, but presenting a most extensive and deeply indented coast — we should doubtless only increase his conviction of our ignorance.

But the most remarkable part of Mr. Cobden's speech was that in which he spoke of the Christian races in Turkey. He treated of their importance as a matter of recent discovery. It was a great fact, which, as well to statesmen who have devoted their attention to Eastern politics as to himself, has been suddenly revealed. According to Mr. Cobden, we are now hearing of these races, the Servians, the Wallachians, the Bulgarians, almost for the first time, and we are now therefore for the first time in a position to understand the difficulties and complication of the Eastern question!

There is a good remark in one of Mr. Hawthorne's novels, where, after sketching the character of a clever and meditative American, he observes that "he considered himself a thinker, and was certainly of a thoughtful turn, but, with his own path to discover, had perhaps hardly yet reached the point where an educated man begins to think." Mr. Cobden ought to weigh that remark. We can assure him that other discoveries have been made in the world besides those of the great author of the *Wealth of Nations*. All former generations have not been as barren as he supposes. Though he may be unacquainted with it, or reject it as illusory, wisdom has been crying out in other times as well as ours. No one doubts Mr. Cobden's shrewdness or his eloquence. What he truly understands he understands thoroughly, and can excel almost any one in making clear to others. We should be sorry to see such a man the slave of that kind of conceit which regards as non-existent everything not existing within its range. There are no men more dangerous than those who, with great natural powers, obstinately refuse to take for granted any proposition in politics, however supported by authority or confirmed by experience; who have no respect for the one, because they are ignorant of the other; who forget that the science of government, like all other sciences, can have no certain basis except induction from facts; and who, though they may never quit their fool's paradise, are constantly under the delusion of believing that they are entering on an entirely new era in the history of man.

Mr. Cobden's praise was the only praise offered to the ministry in the debate, but it proved too much for Lord Palmerston. He sprang to his feet when Mr. Cobden sat down, and, in a speech seldom surpassed for strength and spirit even by himself, demolished the arguments of Mr. Cobden by exposing his in-

consistencies. Perhaps Lord Palmerston forgot for the moment that in confuting Mr. Cobden he was in fact triumphing over himself. At any rate we have to thank the home secretary for a complete vindication of what we believe to be the right policy in this matter. His speech would have formed an excellent defence for a course opposed to that of the ministry for which he spoke. He demonstrated the vast importance to this country of maintaining the Ottoman empire; and conclusively showed that, in order to maintain it, the interference of other powers must be sedulously guarded against. But the Emperor of Russia will care little that the ministry should profess the principles enunciated by Lord Palmerston, so long as its acts continue to be framed on the maxims laid down by Mr. Cobden.

From the Spectator, 13th Aug.

#### THE FUTURE OF THE CUBA QUESTION.

THE papers relating to the subject of Cuba and the projects of annexation touching that island, which the House of Commons asked of the crown early in the session now closing have just been presented to the House of Commons, and issued to the public four months after date.\* The correspondence is of an amount that in most newspaper establishments might be got up in the course of twenty-four hours; but it takes four months for the state clerks and the state printers to bring forth copies of a correspondence which might go into twenty columns of the *Times*. As usual, this delay gives us a knowledge of the case after it is closed; but it does not happen to matter so much in this instance, since the question is for the present laid at rest; and the documents serve a useful purpose in letting us know how the affair stands for the future, which is by far the more important consideration.

The papers do not supply any decidedly fresh information. By the scraps which we had before, we knew that the Spanish government was seriously alarmed; we knew that a correspondence, extending back to 1822, between American diplomatic officials, disclosed an imaginary English intrigue to obtain possession of Cuba or part of it; we knew that the American government had made overtures of that kind in 1848, on its own account; and we knew generally the terms on which the proposed guarantee of Cuba to Spain by the government of France, Great Britain, and the United States,

\* Correspondence between the United States, Spain, and France, concerning alleged projects of Conquest and Annexation of the Island of Cuba. Presented to the House of Commons by command of her majesty, in pursuance of their Address of April 11, 1853. [English ministers also take part in this correspondence, although not mentioned in the title.]

had been declined by the last. But the papers fill up more than one hiatus in the case, and in several respects prove the question to have been of a much more serious character than it appeared to bear at the last time of its agitation. In saying this, we do not include the supposed English intrigue, which was to have converted the guarantee for a loan into the means of territorial aggrandizement; for the American papers alone are sufficient to show that the facts do not warrant the extravagant conclusions based upon them.

One important point established by these papers is the great anxiety of the Spanish government. Not only does the Marquis Miraflores receive with a Southern fervor of gratitude the English proposal for a tripartite guarantee, but, at a later date, he goes so far as to suggest that the English and French governments should join in a declaration, that if the United States "should not adhere to the proposition of a tripartite convention, they never would allow any other power, whether European or American, to possess itself of the island of Cuba, either by cession, conquest, or insurrection of the same." The reply to this does not appear; but when we find, by the general tone of the correspondence, that the British government had to a great extent permitted itself to fall into a position counter to that of the United States, and siding with Spain, we are startled to find how nearly this country had been dragged into an obligation to insure Spain against the consequences of her own weakness towards foreign powers, or of bad government towards her own subjects. Spain might appeal to her own recent history for precedents, but they are bad precedents; and if the public were informed during the progress of negotiations like the present, there would be additional security against the chance that official people, laying their heads together with foreign diplomatists, should betray the country into so false a position.

Another important fact is the pertinacity with which American statesmen, from Mr. Adams to Mr. Marcy, have adhered to the policy of declaring that no other European power save Spain shall take possession of Cuba, and have refused to cede against the United States the probable annexation of that island. Mr. Everett's letter of the 1st December, 1852, has been published as a resumé of this policy. He shows, by the progress of territorial expansion in the United States, by the gradual cession of Spanish dominions on the other side of the Atlantic, by the improved commercial condition of countries which have joined the Union, by the geographical position of Cuba, the comparative waste of its resources under Spanish misgovernment, and many other circumstances, that the island is destined to become a State of the Great Republic. It is the settled policy of the United States government not to bind



itself in alliances; and the government of one day cannot bind its successors. Such were the reasons why the government at Washington declined to enter into the tripartite guarantee. Comparing the past, twenty years ago, before Louisiana was added to the Union, and not long after Florida was sold by Spain, with the totally altered state of affairs at present, Mr. Everett assumes that twenty years hence no country in Europe would probably desire the union of Cuba with his own country. It is evident from the correspondence that these opinions of Mr. Everett represent views to which the great majority of American statesmen have adhered; the views both of the late government and of the present government at Washington. In 1848, a movement was made by the United States to purchase Cuba from the government of Spain. It went very little further than talk between Mr. Romulus M. Saunders and the Marquis de Miraflores; but the satisfaction which Mr. Saunders discovered in the manner of Señor Miraflores proved at once the doubt which the Spanish government entertains of its own power to retain the colony, and the probability that the Spanish administration will not be sorry some day to "realize" on Cuba in a commercial transaction with the United States.

All the proposals for tripartite treaties, declarations, and so forth, fell to the ground. The last communications reported in this set of paper consist of a conversation which Mr. Crompton, accompanied by M. de Sartiges, the French representative at Washington, had with the new Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy. The nature of the talk was such that the French and English diplomats considered the discussion of the subject to be closed. Mr. Marcy was conciliatory, and hoped that no misunderstanding would arise with the great maritime powers, but adhered to the views which we have already described. The subject therefore is shelved; and should it be reopened everything must be commenced *de novo*. The position of the United States government is that of withholding its countenance from piratical attempts upon the island, but of keeping open its right to obtain possession of Cuba, either by purchase or by conquest, should war arise on a legitimate occasion. The governments of France and England have expressed wishes, opinions, intentions to stand by Spain; but by this correspondence they are pledged to nothing. Risks were run of becoming entangled in very embarrassing pledges to follow Spain in all the fortunes of her decline, her mistaken diplomacy, or her bad government, and to fall into contest with the United States upon a subject which at present is theoretical and prospective. Should the question again arise, the disposal of Cuba must be judged by the circumstances of the time; and the use of this correspondence is to show how necessary it is that our representatives should limit

themselves to practical considerations, and should abstain from indorsing or protesting without necessity.

From the London Times, Aug. 20.

#### NECESSITY OF THE PORTE'S ACCEPTANCE OF THE JOINT NOTE.

NEARLY three weeks have now elapsed since the definite proposal of the Four Powers, for the adjustment of the dispute between Russia and Turkey, was despatched from Vienna to Constantinople. There is reason to believe that this communication reached the Porte on the 9th inst., and consequently intelligence may now arrive at any moment of the acceptance or rejection of the terms upon which the question of peace or war mainly depends. We do not attempt to anticipate what that decision of the Porte will be, for it obviously depends on circumstances and influences which must be very imperfectly known to us at this distance. But we can entertain no doubt of what the decision of the Porte ought to be, with a view to its own welfare, its independence, and, possibly, its existence as a European power; for we can conceive of no advice more fatal to the real interests of Turkey, than that of the party which is attempting to drive her into open resistance. The Conference of Vienna has, unquestionably, obtained far better terms than she could have obtained for herself. After the Russian government had announced that the acceptance of its *ultimatum sans variante* was an indispensable condition of peace, the Emperor Nicholas has been brought to reduce these arrogant and separate pretensions within the limits of a note which the Four Powers approve, and which does not materially differ from the note proposed by Turkey herself at an earlier stage of this dispute. Does any one imagine that it is in the power of Turkey to improve her position by a declaration of war? And is it not the height of rashness to speculate on results which she could only obtain if she were a victorious power, dictating conditions of peace at the close of a successful campaign? The military preparations which have been made in Turkey, the arrival of the reinforcements from Egypt, the strength of the army at Shumla, and the fortified positions taken up by Omar Pasha on the Danube, may have induced some of the friends of Turkey to form an exaggerated conception of her real strength. But, if there be one course leading more directly than another to the dissolution and subjugation of the Ottoman empire, it would be the rash attempt to measure these raw forces against a more powerful and more disciplined enemy. If what statesmen call her "integrity and independence" are worth six months' purchase, they must be preserved by the maintenance of peace; and if we were as desirous as Mr. Cobden appears to be to witness the immedi-

ate expulsion of the Turks from Europe, the shortest path to that catastrophe would be to engage them in a war they have not strength to carry on. There undoubtedly are persons, believing themselves to be much more cordial friends of this Mahomedan Power than we profess to be ourselves, who are ready to urge matters to this extremity; but we are amazed that they should think this course of policy favorable to the Porte, and adverse to Russia. The rejection of these terms, followed by a declaration of war on the part of Turkey, would, ere long, produce the most formidable consequences upon an empire already exhausted with the mere preparation for such a contest; and it would lead to exactly that state of things which Russia has most reason to desire. The real friends of Turkey in this crisis are not those who are attempting to goad her to a desperate and probably fatal resistance — but those, on the contrary, who have procured terms for the settlement of this question, which it is not more inconsistent with her honor to accept than with our honor to recommend. It will surely not be easy to persuade the world that a note originally drawn by France, revised by England, adopted by Austria, and assented to by Prussia — who are, therefore, all in some degree responsible for its contents — is of so humiliating a character that the Turkish Divan is to risk its existence by rejecting such an offer, in the vain hope of humbling its powerful neighbor. These may be the impulses of passion, but they are not the dictates of policy; and if they were unhappily followed, they would probably enable Russia to take still further advantage of the position she has assumed on the Danube, to the prejudice of all those rights which Turkey is so ill able to defend without the support of the rest of Europe. Thus far in the negotiation she has received that support; but it is impossible that the Western Powers should be bound by steps the Porte may take in opposition to their advice; and if the present combination were to be frustrated, the allies of Turkey would be free to resume their entire liberty of action, and to govern themselves according to the events which might ensue.

Although we trust these considerations will have their due weight with the Porte, where they have doubtless been duly urged by the ambassadors charged with this negotiation, it cannot be denied that the popular feeling of the Mussulmans is considerably excited, and Omar Pasha has advanced his outposts to points on the right bank of the Danube, where an actual collision may chance to take place. The Turkish commander has intimated that he shall fire on any armed vessels, under the Russian flag, which attempt to ascend the Danube above the confluence of the Pruth, to which point they are entitled by treaty to advance. Four gunboats, which had arrived at Galatz, have been summoned to descend the

stream. One of the long, flat islands near Ismail, which are by treaty neutral territory, has been partly fortified by the Russians, and connected with the shore of Bessarabia by a wooden bridge; on this point also the Turks are said to have raised works opposite to those of their antagonists. In Servia, considerable agitation prevails, and the Austrian government appears to have apprehended that, in the event of war, a movement in favor of the independence of the province might be apprehended, which would kindle a more extensive agitation in the neighboring Austrian territories. Three regiments of the imperial army have accordingly marched to the frontier; and at the same time, M. Fonton, a member of the Russian embassy at Vienna, has sent to Belgrade with instructions to recommend the Servians to keep perfectly quiet at this stage of the question. It is curious that while Russia has been adopting in Moldavia and Wallachia measures so grievously hostile to the Turkish government, she has endeavored to prevent, rather than to encourage, disturbance both in Servia and Montenegro — probably from the fear that the rising of a national party in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey would be essentially hostile to her own ascendancy. The Austrian government has, however, positively denied any intention to violate the Ottoman territory in Servia, and the statements which have been published to that effect are exaggerated or wholly unfounded. In all these provinces we hope that the definitive maintenance of peace and the withdrawal of the Russian forces from the Danubian principalities will speedily restore the country to greater tranquility, for it is impossible that this fermentation can continue much longer among populations of so various and energetic a character without leading to very dangerous results. One of the evils of unnecessary delay on the part of Turkey in the acceptance of the proposed terms would be the probability that the internal government of the empire would be still more shaken, and the authority of the Porte over its vast and heterogeneous provinces still more weakened. War on the Danube would be followed by anarchy in twenty other places, and while the Crescent and the Cross were once more contending on their ancient fields of battle, the position of the Christians throughout the East would become extremely perilous. Such are some of the consequences which it becomes the duty of our diplomatic agents at Constantinople and of the Divan to avert, and we sincerely hope a very short period of time may now bring us the settlement of this question. At St. Petersburg all difficulties have been overcome, and the Russian government now professes great eagerness to terminate the affair. At Constantinople the question was still pending when the last advices left the city, and the decision of it involves the prolongation or the death struggle of the Ottoman Empire.

From the Placerville (Cal.) Herald.

### DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN PYRAMID.

TRAVELLERS upon the Colorado and its tributaries have long since spoken of the existence of ancient ruins in different localities, embraced by the great American desert, lying upon both, though principally upon the west bank of the Colorado, and between it and the California range of mountains. Even Baron Von Humboldt, during his researches upon the American continent, discovered unmistakable evidence of the existence, at some greatly remote period, of a race of people entirely unlike, and apparently superior to, those inhabiting the continent at the time of its discovery by Europeans.

These evidences are becoming every day more and more conclusive, as the energy, love of travel and novelty, of the American people lead them into earth's wildest fastnesses, and over its most forbidden, sterile and inhospitable wastes. We remark, as above, on perusing an article from the pen of our San Bernardino correspondent, giving an account of an ancient pyramid, lately discovered upon the great desert of the Colorado by a party of adventurers, five in number, who attempted to cross the desert in a westerly direction from a point on the Colorado at least two hundred miles above its confluence with the Gila:—

San Bernardino Valley, June 23.

There has been no little excitement here of late, among the antiquarians and the curious, arising from the discovery of an ancient pyramid upon the great Colorado desert, and which fixes the probability beyond all dispute of the possession and occupancy, at some greatly remote period of time, of the American continent by a race of people of whom all existing history is silent.

A party of men, five in number, had ascended the Colorado for nearly two hundred miles above the mouth of the Gila, their object being to discover, if possible, some large tributary from the west, by which they might make the passage of the desert, and enter California by a new, more direct and easier route, inasmuch as there are known to exist numerous small streams upon the eastern slope of the mountains, that are either lost in the sands of the desert or unite with the Colorado through tributaries heretofore unknown. They represent the country on either side of the Colorado as almost totally barren of every vegetable product, and so level and monotonous that any object sufficient to arrest the attention possesses more or less of curiosity and interest; and it was this that led to the discovery and examination of this hitherto unknown relic of a forgotten age.

An object appeared upon the plain to the west, having so much the appearance of a work of art, from the regularity of its outline, and its isolated position, that the party determined upon visiting it. Passing over an almost barren sand plain, a distance of nearly five miles, they

reached the base of one of the most wonderful objects, considering its location (it being the very home of desolation), that the mind can possibly conceive of; nothing less than an immense stone pyramid, composed of layers or courses of from eighteen inches to nearly three feet in thickness, and from five to eight feet in length. It has a level top of more than fifty feet square, though it is evident that it was once completed, but that some great convulsion of nature has displaced its entire top, as it evidently now lies a huge and broken mass upon one of its sides, though nearly covered by the sands.

This pyramid differs, in some respects, from the Egyptian pyramid. It is, or was, more slender or pointed; and while those of Egypt are composed of steps or layers, receding as they rise, the American pyramid was, undoubtedly, a more finished structure. The outer surface of the blocks was evidently cut to an angle, that gave the structure, when new and complete, a smooth or regular surface from top to bottom.

From the present level of the sands that surround it, there are fifty-two distinct layers of stone, that will average at least two feet; this gives its present height one hundred and four feet, so that before the top was displaced, it must have been, judging from an angle of its sides, at least twenty feet higher than at present. How far it extends beneath the surface of the sands, it is impossible to determine without great labor.

Such is the age of this immense structure, that the perpendicular joints between the blocks are worn away to the width of from five to ten inches at the bottom of each joint, and the entire of the pyramid so much worn by the storms, the vicissitudes and the corrodings of centuries, as to make it easy of ascent, particularly upon one of its sides. We say one of its sides, because a singular fact connected with this remarkable structure is, that it inclines nearly ten degrees to one side of the vertical or perpendicular.

There is not the slightest probability that it was thus erected, but the cause of its inclination is not easily accounted for. By whom, at what age of the world, and for what purpose, this pyramid was erected, will probably forever remain a hidden mystery. The party, in their unsuccessful attempt to cross the desert at this point, in their wanderings discovered other evidences, of a nature that would seem to make it certain that that portion of country upon the Colorado, now the most barren, was once the garden and granary of the continent, and the abode of millions of our race.

THE public income ought to be "looking up" from the number of conscience-stricken persons who are sending contributions to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; this week "A. W." send no less than *eighteenpence* in postage-stamps!

MR. J. G. LOCKHART, the editor of the "Quarterly Review," has been compelled by indisposition to cease, for a season, from all literary labor. He is about to seek the benefit of an Italian sky.

## NEW BOOKS.

*The Law and the Testimony.* By the Author of *The Wide, Wide, World*. "Dig further, and thou shalt find more." "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us, and to our children, forever, that we may do all the words of this law." Deut. xxix. 29. Robert Carter and Brothers, New York.

Having achieved an European reputation by her first book, as a religious novelist, the author now undertakes a work of a very different character. It is precisely such a book as we have for many years intended (alas for good intentions!) to make for our own use. There are very many heads not here, upon which we should have clustered passages from Holy Writ: for instance, *Christ's Kingly Office;—His Kingdom;—The Restoration of Israel, &c., &c.* Every one would, or should, make a classification to suit his own mind and wants. We cannot give so interesting or good account of this large volume, as in the "*Note of Adviseement to the Reader*," which the author has prefixed:

"It must be asked, and it must be answered, What is this big book? and what is anybody's pretence for giving it to the public? The first question only needs any care, and needs not many words.

"This big book is not another book of reference: nothing less. It is no concordance of subjects, nor collection of beauties. It has not its fellow in the market; or if it have, it is a fellow that nobody knows.

"It is a gathering of facts for the purposes of induction. It is a setting together of the mass of Scripture testimony on each of the grand points of Scripture teaching; in the hope that, when the whole light of the scattered rays is flung on the matter, the truth may be made manifest.

"In their ordinary arrangement, the Bible forces may be said to charge in 'dispersed order'; here they seem to stand as in the old Macedonian phalanx, shoulder to shoulder, with shields locked.

"Certainly the phalanx order would never have done the Bible work. But it may have its own proper ends.

"I don't doubt some heads have been shaken at the idea of such work being done by a woman.

"No woman set about it, in the first place; it was but a girl and a child. And they had little knowledge of the theological world, and certainly no meaning to enlighten anybody except themselves. The thing fell out on this wise.

"One Sabbath evening, my little sister, in a spirit of weary good intentions, asked of my father to give her *something to do on Sundays*. My father pondered the matter a little; and then, turning round to the table, sketched off the list of subjects—or points of belief—on which the following work has grown up. These he gave my sister and me, telling us to begin with the first chapter of Genesis, and *see what the Bible said about them*.

"This list has never been changed, except by the addition of one head, which afterward, upon

full trial and consideration, was stricken out again. It stands, in the matter and order of its divisions, just where it stood at first.

"Now were we launched upon a delightful independent voyage of discovery, for which we trimmed our sails with great gravity. What a little rag of a sail we had to begin with, to be sure! But with that we went boldly and carefully to work. We were not bold nor presumptuous mariners.

"One chapter a day was all we took. We searched that carefully, and noted down with miser eagerness everything which seemed to us to have an important bearing upon any point in our scheme. On Sunday we indulged ourselves with two chapters. Then we compared notes, and sent each other back to look for what either had missed; gave each the other the advantage of her discoveries, her light, her better counsel. And at intervals, in those days, we submitted our notes to the overlooking and overjudging of my father; holding long, very interested, and doubtless very profound, discussions about them.

"But by dint of this practice we ourselves grew daily in the power of judging; and not only that, but the skill and the power of seeing; till, by the time we were half through the Bible, we were just fit to begin again at the beginning. And so we did, I know not how many times, starting back from different points in our progress; for still sight and skill grew with the use of them, and the Bible seemed a mine never to be explored. We know it to be so now; and have given up all hope, or wish, ever to see the last ore fetched out of that depth, and obliged to yield up its treasures to earthly eyes. Many a bit we passed in our ignorance, in the days when we could see no metal but what glittered on the surface; and many a good time we went back again, long afterward, and broke our rejected lump with great exultation, to find it fat with the riches of the mine.

"That we thought ourselves enriched in the course of this business, was of necessity. The next thing was to show what we had got. If we could we would have taken every soul through the mine to gather for himself. But as we could not do that, it seemed worth while to set forth our collection; though none can possibly be so good to any one as that he has made himself. 'Where the best things are not possible, the best may be made of those that are.'

"To examine the whole gathered testimony of the Bible on any one point, is one thing; and to go take it oneself, at the mouths of the Bible writers, is a very different thing. But in both ways two results may be arrived at; the exceeding strength of their united evidence, and the strange harmony with which it is given; unlike as they were, and very unlike as were their occasions and ways of saying the same thing. Those gentle and scattered rays of truth, so many-colored, and so easy perhaps to deal with separately, brought together are an exceeding white light, 'a light above the brightness of the sun.'

"To go through the Bible as we have gone through it, is like seeing in a vision the Bible witnesses called to appear and give testimony;—and suppose it were by the uplifting of the hand.



There is the stern finger of Moses, there the quietly attesting sign of the writer of History; David's hand is on high, *with a cymbal in it*; the Prophet of Lamentations passes by, covered with sackcloth, and his head down, but *his hand is up*; Isaiah's is waved in exultation; and there is the triumphant gesture of St. Paul, and the outstretched arms of St. John. In sorrow or in joy, they are all as one, and so are you with them, before the last has given his testimony. They are all as one, though centuries rolled away between the time when one lay down in the dust, and the next lifted his head upon a changed world. Though this 'a golden crown had on,' and that other was 'in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness;' though one was 'learned in all the wisdom' of the politest people, and another was a prime minister in the greatest heathen kingdom, and another made and mended the nets by which he gained his bread on the little inland water which washed the walls of Capernaum. They all sing the same song; they all know the same knowledge; and they all esteem it with one accord 'beyond their chief joy.'

"It would be too much to say that in the following work we have always given in each case the *whole* Bible testimony. I believe we could never do that. But we have gathered all the strong passages that we could find. Except in one or two instances, where they outnumbered their importance, and in two or three other instances, where the subjects were very nearly bound with other subjects, and to have given the whole array of passages under each head would have been to repeat more than was needful. It is taken for granted that the student will go from one to the other.

"If we were asked how we estimate this book, we should answer, with one breath, 'beyond price.' We cannot hope that it shall be the same thing to others. But we believe that it will be very much what they choose to make it. The only spirit to make anything of the Bible, is that of the man who, after all, was a wise man when he said, 'O Lord, my God, I am but a little child.'"

We add the *Heads* under which the passages are arranged: The Divine Nature—Divinity of the Saviour—Divinity of the Holy Spirit—God's Omniscience—God's Universal Government—God's Sovereignty—God's Regard for his own Glory—God's Justice—God's Goodness—Christ Administers the Divine Government on Earth—Christ's Prophetic Office—Christ's Priestly Office—Office of the Holy Spirit—Man's Freedom—Man's Fall—The Nature of Sin—Imputation of Sin—The Prevalence of Sin—Consequences of Sin—Repentance—Faith, What?—Importance of Faith—Salvation by Faith—Imputation of Righteousness—Justification—Sanctification—Duty of Holiness—The Resurrection—The Judgment—Heaven, What?—Hell, What?

*Autobiographic Sketches.* By Thomas De Quincey. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston. An enumeration of the contents of this book is its most attractive exposition. It is introduced by a letter from Mr. De Quincey to his American Publishers;—Preface to the English Edition; The Affliction of Childhood; Dream Echoes of these Infant Experiences; Dream Echoes Fifty Years later; Introduction to the World of Strife; Infant Literature; The Female Infidel; Warfare of a Public School; I enter the World; The Nation of London; Dublin; First Rebellion in Ireland; French Invasion of Ireland, and Second Rebellion; Travelling; My Brother; Premature Manhood.

*The Story of an Apple.* Illustrated by John Gilbert. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

*Uncle Sam's Palace; or, the Reigning King.* By Emma Wellmont. Illustrated by Billings. B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston. This is a novel not in the interest of manufacturers of Drunkenness.

*Passages from the History of a Wasted Life.* Edited by the Author of Pen and Ink Sketches, &c., &c. Illustrated by Billings. B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston. This work appears to be, in many respects, similar in character to that which precedes it.

*A History of England, from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary, in 1688.* By John Lingard, D.D. A new Edition, in 13 vols. Vol. III. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

*Woodworth's American Miscellany of Entertaining Knowledge.* With Illustrations. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

*Lorenzo Benoni, or Passages in the Life of an Italian.* Edited by a Friend. Redfield, New York. This is an important work, of which we shall copy a review from an English periodical.

*A Guide to English Composition, or 120 Subjects Analyzed and Illustrated from Analogy, History, and the Writings of Celebrated Ancient and Modern Authors.* By the Rev. Dr. Brewer. C. S. Francis & Co., New York and Boston.

*The Exiles: A Tale.* By Talvi. This is an original work, containing a series of American Pictures, written by an adopted citizen of the United States, and originally intended for German readers. G. P. Putnam & Co., New York.

*The Story of Mont Blanc.* By Albert Smith. Early History of Chamouni; Visit of Pococke and Windham; De Saussure; First Adventures on Mont Blanc; First Ascent of Mont Blanc; De Saussure vanquishes Mont Blanc; Dr. Hamel's Fatal Attempt; Successive Ascents of Mont Blanc; Chamouni; A Day on the Glaciers; Author's Ascent in 1851; Night bivouac in the Snow; Night March of the Grand Plateau, Mur de la Cote, Victory; Coming down. G. P. Putnam & Co., New York.